The Enterprise.

VOL. 6. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901. NO. 37.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.....
.....6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
..3:31 P. M., 3.45, 4.01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
7.51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8.39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North.....	7:35	4:20
" South.....	——	5:05

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North.....	8:50	12:30
"		4:35
South.....	7:00	——

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

TO LEAVE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Assistant Secretary Will Resign in the Fall.

New York.—A special from Washington says: Frank W. Hackett will tender his resignation as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the fall. He has left the city for New Hampshire and will inspect the Portsmouth Navy Yard. He will inspect other navy yards and naval militia organizations before returning to Washington next month to act as Secretary in the absence of Secretary Long and to prepare his final report.

President McKinley and Secretary Long have not determined upon Hackett's successor. Charles H. Allen, who relinquished the Assistant Secretaryship to accept the Governorship of Porto Rico has been suggested, but it is unlikely that Allen would accept the minor position after having served as chief executive in San Juan. It seems to be understood in Cabinet circles that if a vacancy occurs in the Cabinet Allen will be asked to fill it.

Government Land at Cheap Rates.

Honolulu.—Land Commissioner E. S. Boyd has announced that it will be the policy of his department to sell as much of the public land of the Territory as possible. He says that it will be put on the market at very reasonable rates. He gives as an instance of what he means by reasonable rates that land worth $100 will be sold for $12. He gives as a reason for this policy that in view of the failure of the Legislature to provide revenue this course has become necessary to supply money for government expenses. A considerable number of leases of Government land have expired within the past year or will expire within the coming year. All the land included in these leases will either be leased again or sold.

If the sows are expected to bring a second litter soon they should not be allowed to run down too much.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Boiled Down to Suit Our Busy Readers.

A basket-ball club has been organized at Kalama, Wash.

The Presbyterian Church of Whatcom will erect a parsonage.

The Chehalis Examiner is to be consolidated with the Centralia News.

The First National Bank of Eugene, Or., has installed a large new money vault.

A 2000-foot extension of the water main system in Waitsburg is under contemplation.

The old telephone line between Pendleton and Thorn Hollow is undergoing repairs.

A. P. Hanley has been appointed postmaster at Kendrick, Idaho, vice J. I. Mitcham, resigned.

Miscreants of La Grande, Or., raided signs last week and destroyed property to the value of several hundred dollars.

The Ahsland Preserving Company is making preparations to put up 70,000 or 80,000 cans of fruit this year.

Some of the machinery in the Helena mill, at Bohemina was broken last week, making it necessary to shut down five stamps.

Work has been commenced at Dailey & Bour's mine on Josephine Creek, near Kerby, Or. A flume and water wheel are under construction.

The new water company at Roseburg is annoyed consderably with broken and leaking mains. The difficulties, however, will soon be overcome.

A postoffice has been established at Sheridan, Kitsap County, Wash., on the route from Tracyton to Bremerton. Fred G. Reeve has been appointed postmaster.

Grant's Pass correspondeut says that the Old Channel Mining Company has deeded its entire property to J. R. Harvey and C. B. Beardsley, who have been operating it under bond for about a year. The consideration was $90,000.

At a meeting in Spokane of the representatives of the commercial clubs of the Inland Empire, it was decided to postpone the proposed federation of clubs until the coming fall at least. The interest manifested in the proposed organization has been of such a faint-hearted nature that the organizers decided to wait a few months in the hope that the necessary enthusiasm would put in an appearance by that time.

The report of E. C. Greenman, field superintendent of the Fish Commission, for the month of June, has been filed with the Master Fish Warden, and it gives in detail, with accompanying maps, the investigations that he has been making at the headquarters of the Columbia for hatchery sites. He writes that he has secured a most desirable location at the mouth of the Salmon River where it enters into the Grand Ronde. He says he will now begin putting racks in the Umatilla River and McKay Creek.

Orlando Beck, fruit inspector of Yakima County, Wash., condemned a shipment of California apricots, and had the entire lot destroyed. The fruit was shipped from H. S. Emerson & Co. of Seattle, and evidently passed the King County Inspector. Photographs were taken for the purpose of showing the exact condition. Some specimens of the fruit were so covered with scale that they resembled a man with the smallpox. The fruit was examined by many people who pronounced it the worst infected of any that ever came to North Yakima.

A SPEEDY AUTOMOBILE.

W. K. Vanderbilt Now Has a Machine Imported From Germany.

Newport, R. I.—W. K. Vanderbilt Jr.'s new automobile has arrived and he appeared with it on the Ocean drive. Vanderbilt purchased the machine in Germany and it is said to have a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. It is much larger than the White Ghost, in which he made a record trip from Newport to Boston and return last summer, but very much resembles it in style. It is a two-seated affair and the body is high. The gear and underbody white. Vanderbilt also brought with him from Paris two experienced chauffeurs.

Clarence Mackay also has a fast automobile and will bring it here later in the summer, and races will be arranged beween the two. Vanderbilt is president of the National Automobile Racing Association and with his White Ghost won the championship at the races held here last season. In order to house all his automobiles Vanderbilt will have an addition built to his stable. Besides the White Ghost and the new machine, he has as team runabout and a small racer for Mrs. Vanderbilt's use.

WHEAT CROP IN NORTHWEST.

Yield Will Be Thirty-Five Million Bushels.

Tacoma, Wash.—Former Governor Miles C. Moore of Walla Walla, banker and wheat-grower, announced here that the wheat-growers of Eastern Washington feel certain that the great grain crop of Washington, Idaho and Oregon is now past all danger from the hot winds which sometimes blow during July, greatly decreasing the production. Governor Moore estimates that the crop of the Pacific Northwest states will aggregate 35,000,000 bushels, making it a record yield.

Nearly all of the Washington and Idaho crop, together with that of a part of Eastern Oregon, will be shipped to Tacoma for export. The farmers of Eastern Washington are very greatly interested in the question of whether the grain fleet now chartered and being chartered will provide adequate transportation facilities for the great crop now assured. Their interest results from the fact that the large fleet of grain carriers and the low charter rates materially increases the price paid the farmers for wheat. Harvesting about Walla Walla will commence next week.

Present indications are that there will be a serious shortage of grain sacks, of which the present available Pacific Coast supply is somewhat limited. Several vessels are on the ocean bringing sacks from Calcutta and Bombay. The State Penitentiary at Walla Walla will furnish about 1,300,000 bags, but nearly four times this number will be needed in the Walla Walla valley.

ASKS FOR FREE TRADE.

Porto Rico Assembly Adopts a Resolution Directed to McKinley.

San Juan.—In a joint session, lasting three hours, the Porto Rican Assembly unanimously passed the free-trade resolution. The Assembly hall was crowded with people and cheers greeted the announcement that Governor Allen had signed the resolution.

The free-trade resolution begins with a preamble in which reference is made to section 3 of the Foraker law. The resolution then continues:

"The Porto Rican Assembly, in active session, and acting pursuant to the instructions of Congress, does hereby notify the President of the United States that, by virtue of the Hollander act and other acts, it has adopted and put into operation a system of local taxation to meet the necessities of the insular government, and it hereby instructs that a copy of this joint resolution be presented to the President of the United States, and it requests that Governor Allen deliver the resolution to President McKinley, in order that proclamation may be made by him, and if it shall seem wise and proper to the President of the United States the Assembly requests that his proclamtaion be issued July 25th, as that day is being established a legal Porto Rican holiday to commemorate the anniversary of the coming of the American flag."

BRITISH CEMENT INFERIOR.

The German Product is Better Quality and the Belgian Article is Cheaper.

New York.—A cablegram to the Sun from London says: Mr. Bell, the British commercial agent in the United States, in reporting on the cement industry there, says that he thinks the British cement-makers are not paying sufficient attention thereto. Apart from the increased employment of home-made cement, which rose from 13.2 per cent to 73.9 per cent of the total used in America between 1891 and 1899, German and Belgian makers are supplanting the British, who, for the nine months ended in March, 1901, furnished only 11 per cent of the total imported.

Bell quotes the Exporter and Importer, as saying that the decline in the importation of British cement is owing to the better quality of the German article and the cheapness of the Belgian, while the British makers are unwilling to improve the quality of their product.

Filipinos Well Treated on Guam.

Washington.—A report received at the Navy Department from Commander Seaton Schroeder, Naval Commandant of the Island of Guam, indicates the Filipino prisoners of war who were deported to the island are cared for with unusual consideration. They are quartered about three miles from Agana, where Commander Schroeder's headquarters are located, in substantial, commodious and comfortable, quarters. The prisoners have a government of their own and have elected General Pio del Pilar as their President. But one death has occurred since the colony has been established. The confines of the colony are marked by a barbed wire fence and embrace about an acre of ground.

Five Years' Sentence for Jessie Morrison.

El Dorado Kan.—Jessie Morrison, convicted of manslaughter in the second degree for the murder of Mrs. Clara Wiley Castle, on July 22, 1900, was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary in close confinement at hard labor. Miss Morrison took the sentence calmly.

BETTERMENT PLANS.

Root Would Have Regulars and Militia Join in Maneuvers.

FIELD EVOLUTIONS ON A BIG SCALE.

Chief Rendezvous of Troops and the Principal Supply Depot Will Be Near a Great Railway Center.

A special to the Tribune from Washington says: Secretary Root expects to leave the city early next week for an inspection of the great military posts in the center of the country—Forts Leavenworth and Riley and Jefferson Barracks—in furtherance of one of his most notable plans for the betterment of the American Army system, which comprehends the higher professional education of the regular establishment and closer relations between the Army and militia.

With the disappearance of the Indian wars, the department recognizes that the service naturally divides itself into two parts, the coast defense system or artillery, and the Army proper stationed near the great centers of the country, to prepare for war in time of peace and to maintain public order. Forts Leavenworth and Riley, one with 150,000 acres and the other with a large public land reservation, are within a few miles of the junction of twenty railways, including all the great lines of communication of the continent, and it is intended that they shall hereafter be improved and constituted the chief rendezvous of troops, while at Jefferson Barracks, at St. Louis, there will be established the principal military supply depot of the United States.

At Forts Riley and Leavenworth, respectively, United States cavalry and infantry schools have already become famous, and it is now proposed to materially extend their scope and enlarge their facilities by assigning to them a greater number of officers for instruction and a much larger force of men for practical campaigning. They are to be made practical post-graduate colleges for West Pointers, and prize graduates will be promoted to a course at an Army war college to be created at Governor's island.

Nearly a million dollars will be spent for new quarters and improvements at these forts in the current fiscal year, and in another year from now it is the intention to make a start in carrying out at these posts a long cherished scheme of co-operative maneuvers of large bodies of troops, composed of regulars and National Guardsmen. By next winter it will be feasible, it is hoped, to quarter at least a regiment at each of these posts, and a few months later a brigade or perhaps a division can be mobilized on each of these reservations for several months' drill and evolutions under campaigning conditions. By another year militia may be called from various states, and extended field evolutions by an army corps contribute to the higher education of general officers, subordinates and enlisted men.

DELAY OF BATTLESHIPS.

Tardy Construction Arouses the Naval Authorities.

New York.—A special to the Tribune from Washington says: The delay in the construction of battleships, both in England and in the United States, has at last begun to arouse the indignation of high naval authorities. The condition of things is now coming to be regarded as so serious in Great Britain that some of her greatest naval strategists and authorities believe her supremacy on the ocean has been impaired by the failure of shipbuilders to carry out their contracts.

If the naval authorities of Great Bitiain have cause to complain, the United States Navy Department has much greater grievance, for American contractors are taking eighteen to twenty-four months longer to build a battleship than their British rivals. The cost of a modern war ship, including hull, machinery, armor and armament, exceeds $6,000,000. Since there is progressive improvement both in design and material of such vessel, and since every part of the vessel is exposed to deterioration, there must of necessity be an annual depreciation in her value as a fighting unit. This depreciation, conservatively stated, will average 6 per cent of her first cost. The delay of two years, therefore, in construction of a battleship, and this has occurred in the case of the Illinois, would result in a direct loss to the Government of nearly $750,000.

Porto Rican Duties to Be Refunded.

Washington.—Mr. Tracewell, the Controller of the Treasury, has decided that the Secretary of the Treasury, has authority under the law to refund to Lascelles & Co. of New York the duties paid by them on sugar imported from Porto Rico between the date the treaty of Paris took effect and the date of the approval of the Foraker act. The duties so paid amounted to over $470,000. This decision is based upon the recent insular decisions of the Supreme Court. Other claims are on file for refunds amounting to about $1,500,000.

NO SUCCESSOR FOR LE CONTE.

Geology and Zoology Departments Remain Under Present Heads.

No change in the conduct of the two departments of geology and natural history in the Universisty of California will come as a result of the death of their former head, Professor Joseph Le Conte. They will, however, no longer be confined under a single head. They will be conducted hereafter as separate departments, each with its own chief. Associate Professor William E. Ritter of the chair of Zoology will be the head of the former department of geology.

The separation really makes no change whatever. Professor Le Conte had been for some years practically retired, and though he still held the headship of the two departments, their work went on under the direction of Professors Ritter and Lawson, as it will hereafter. Professor Le Conte gave such instruction as he was able to, and was free to follow out the studies to which he had set his declining years. His death then practically leaves no vacancy in the faculty of the University, and no question of a successor to his chair has arisen.

"There is really no vacancy created by Professor Le Conte's death," said President Whheeler when interviewed. "Professor Lawson and Professor Ritter are at the head of the two departments. Professor Le Conte gave lectures, but for some time they have peformed the executive work. The two departments will never again be united under a single head. Very few men had the range of Professor Le Conte, and scientists nowadays are too specialized to fill such a broad position. The original department has gradually bifurcated. The two parts are now entirely separated and must remain so."

Le Conte's professorship was one of the very first in the University. He and his brother John were two of the first three men called to the faculty of the new University, and he has held the position continuously ever since. His chair now dies with him.

FEAR MORE RISINGS IN CHINA.

Missionaries Are Alarmed but Germany Makes an Official Denial.

Berlin.—A dispatch to the Volks Zeitung from China says that according to advices received at mission headquarters many missionaries have returned to the interior of Shantung province, where they were well received by the Chinese. The indemnities for missions destroyed and Chinese Christians killed have been nearly all regulated and paid, but the missionaries from every locality report their belief that the present calm will not last. A missionary from Shensi province reports that following the directions of the Dowager Empress in Singan-fu great preparations for war are being made.

The German Foreign Office says that all official reports received from China seem to show that no new preparations are being made for further uprisings in that country, and that upon investigation the various alarming reports of approaching trouble in China were found to be unwarranted.

Internal Revenue Receipts.

Washington.—The monthly statement of the collection of internal revenue shows that for May the receipts from all sources amounted to $27,019,717, an increase as compared with May, 1900, to $2,994,973. The receipts from the several sources of revenue are as follows: Spirits, $8,901,312, increase; $841,212; tobacco, $6,571,193; increase, $1,561,045; fermented liquors, $7,319,346; increase, $114,924; oleomargairne, $165,017,; increase, $16,844; special taxes not elsewhere enumerated, $17,382; increase, $620; miscellaneous, $4,045,483; increase, $2,994,973.

During the eleven months of the fiscal year the total receipts were $281,092,205, an increase over the corresponding period of last year of $13,880,251.

Glacier Bay Now a Mass of Ice.

Port Townsend, Wash.—The excursion steamer Queen arrived from the north and her officers report Glacier bay to be one mass of ice and that it is impossible to get nearer than fourteen miles to Muir glacier, an ice jam from thirty to forty feet high extending clear across the bay.

According to Pilot Thompson such a jam has not been known to exist since excursion steamers started on the northern run fourteen years ago, and he accounts for it now by reason of several severe shocks of earthquake last winter which shattered the immense glacier and ice cakes are breaking off faster than the tides can carry them out of the bay. The ice floes in the channels are greater than ever known before.

Leather Workers Unite.

Philadelphia.—Delegates representing 8000 workingmen in all branches of the leather trade in this country and Canada, at a meeting in this city, formed the Amalgamated Leather Workers' Association of America. This new international union will affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. Mariellius Waite of Philadelphia was elected president and Dennis Healy of Lowell, Mass., secretary.

BALLINGTON BOOTH SUES.

Town Trustees' Failure to Make Needed Improvements is the Cause.

Montclair, N. J.—Commander Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America has begun suit against Montclair for $16,000 damages because of the filling up of an old brook in the rear of his home in Clairmont avenue. After every rain-storm, now it is said, his property is flooded. This state of affairs has caused sickness in the Booth family. The town government is much exercised over the suit and are to have a meeting with a view to relieving the Booths at once and thereby endeavoring to have the suit withdrawn.

Commander Booth said: "I have put up with all the delay in this matter that I am ever going to, and as the suit has now been started the town must stand the consequences. The health of my family has been impaired by the delay of the town officials and the town will be prosecuted to the ful extent of the law."

Quiet Restored in Argentina.

London.—The Argentine Minister to Great Britain, Florence, Dominguez, is understood to have received a telegram from Buenos Ayres, asserting that there has been a complete cessation of the disturbances growing out of the protests against the bill—which the Argentine Government has announced its intention to withdraw—for the unification of the Argentine debt.

Edward's Title to Be Changed.

London.—In the House of Commons Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, announced that a bill would shortly be in changing the title of the King so as to more clearly recognize his sovereignty over the entire British empire.

The pig with a big body, broad back and full ham is worth more than any chunk, however short its snout.

The clover pigs eat is good for two reasons—growth and healthfulness.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,
AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,
Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard
ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.
Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

It isn't at all likely that the Herron style of wedding will become popular. There were no presents.

Prof. Starr might add to his list of degenerates those professors who try so hard to gain notoriety that they have little time to profess.

It will take several years to see what kind of an officer and a gentleman an unhazed West Point cadet will make. But the experiment is worth waiting for.

European aeronauts of stout hearts and meager love of life are planning a balloon trip across the Atlantic. Are they likely to persuade any insurance companies in either hemisphere to issue policies in their favor? No trace of the heroic but overadventurous Andree has yet been discovered. In some later time airships may go over the broadest seas without peril, but in present conditions balloons are not much more likely to pass above the Atlantic or the Pacific in safety than they are to find a secure landing in the moon or the planet Mars.

The New York preacher who likened Prof. Herron to a tramp was not wide of the mark. Tramps repudiate authority and responsibility, as Herron does. They live without regard to obligation. If they have families somebody else supports them. If they have food and drink and raiment it is because other men work for them. They criticise freely a social and industrial system to which they contribute nothing. Without thought of the morrow, they nevertheless turn up at feasts prepared by other men's labor and readily accept as their due the things which the forehanded enjoy only as a result of toil and sacrifice. In the moral and intellectual world, as well as in the physical, they contribute nothing and are merely drones, helping themselves to what they can and particularly repudiating any desire to improve their condition by honest labor. Mr. Herron's socialism is of this order. He wishes to participate in all that is good in the world, but he expressly declines to be bound by any of the rules and regulations under which these good things have been made possible. Hs is an intellectual tramp, quaffing the crystal waters of civilization from a socialistic tomato can

If John Alexander Dowie be Elijah the Tishbite come again, as he says he is, then, the Chicago Tribune thinks, he must be the master of the situation. It would be madness, says the Tribune, for the State Board of Health, the Chicago Health Commissioner, or any of the local city or county officials to attempt to meddle with him. A certain King of Israel wished to have a talk with the original Elijah, and sent a captain with fifty men to fetch him. When the captain asked the prophet to come along the latter said: "If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven and consume thee and thy fifty. And there came down fire from heaven and consumed him and his fifty." If this reincarnated Elijah were to be indicted his arrest would be impossible without his consent. It would be useless to send a squad of police after him, for he could call down fire from heaven to consume them. It is not safe to take liberties with one who can hurl thunderbolts. The ministers of Chicago of all creeds have reason to tremble if Dowie be another Elijah. Dowie has often called them "prophets of Baal." If they do not treat him with great civility, refraining from all harsh comments on his methods, he may order them to be slain. Thus did Elijah get rid of certain obstreperous prophets of Baal in his day. Until this latter-day Elijah shows his ability to do some of the wonderful things done by the prophet of Israel, the Tribune is of the opinion that neither ministers nor policemen will be afraid of him.

James A. Herne, who died recently, held a unique position as an actor. He was more than 60 years old at the time of his death, and had been on the stage for two generations. He was playwright as well as actor, and the last half of his career was spent in the production of his own dramas. He was more of a student than are most successful actors, and his reading took a wide range. He was interested especially in natural science and in sociology, and was one of the few members of his profession who have often been asked to occupy the pulpit of a church. He made at least two considerable fortunes from his plays, and, it is understood, has left his family in comfortable circumstances. It is especially worthy of note that in no one of his plays is there the slightest trace of immodesty or any of that style of humor which calls for a smile and a blush at the same time. Herne laid the scene of all his plays amidst the homely surroundings of rural America, and each of them is full of a healthy optimism and a hearty good will which is clean, and fine, and wholesome. It is a sufficient answer to the people who now fill the stage with vapid translations of foreign filth that Herne was a most successful actor-manager and that one of his plays ran continuously for twelve years. He proved that the public is willing and anxious to pay to see native types well put on the stage, and that it finds as much amusement in the quaint humor of a New England farmer as in the dubious exploits of a French adventuress. Herne was successful because of his fidelity to nature, and his success is a compliment to the good taste and discrimination of the theater-going public.

In an interesting article the London Lancet describes the conclusions reached by a committee of fourteen scientific experts and physicians regarding the heredity of inebriety. After an investigation of eighteen months the committee reports that the drunkenness of a father cannot produce the same vice in the son—that inebriety is non-hereditary. This agrees with the conclusion announced by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley in a book issued a few years ago. The London commission's verdict is also a further triumph for the germ-plasm idea of Weismann, which has so profoundly modified the evolutionary theory in the last few years. The report says there is no proof that acquired characters of any kind are heritable. As applied to the subject of drunkenness, this verdict of the scientists must have a profound effect upon the moral questions involved. It has been always urged that each man's drinking tends to make his children drunkards. Science appears to be rendering this argument worthless. It is true that drunkenness often runs in families. This is accounted for partly by the influence of environment and example to which the child is exposed, and partly by the nervous temperament, which is heritable. The London experts do not deny, however, that drunkards are liable to have degenerate children. The point denied is that such children are any more likely to be drunkards than to show some other form of degeneracy. Dr. Keeley holds in his book, "The Non-Heredity of Inebriety," that the strength of will acquired in resisting the temptation to drink is transmitted to the next generation, and that self-imposed abstinence would in a few generations put an end to the drink evil. Weismannism denies that this or any other acquired character can be transmitted. Thus the London scientists look for reform only through the elimination of the unfit. They say that alcohol, by killing tis victims, weeds out of every nation the individuals who most enjoy it. Their conclusion by no means removes all incentives to temperance, but it destroys the argument that a drunken father is morally responsible for an inebriate son.

TWO WOMEN CONDUCT A DAILY NEWSPAPER.

Miss Louise Boynton and Miss Georgie S. Boynton, sisters, both graduates of Vassar, own and run the Republican at Perth Amboy, N. J. So successful was the newspaper, a weekly, under the young women's management, that they now publish it daily. Miss Louise Boynton is its editor-in-chief, Miss Georgie Boynton is the business manager. Their newspaper's name tells its politics, but it is not "offensively partisan," the sisters conducting a local and home newspaper devoted to the interests of their community.

GEORGIE BOYNTON.
LOUISE BOYNTON.

The Misses Boynton are daughters of C. W. Boynton, a prominent business man of Perth Amboy. Miss Louise, the elder, was graduated from Vassar in 1894. After leaving college she wrote for newspapers and magazines.

Miss Georgie Boynton was graduated from Vassar in 1895, and in February, 1897, took an active interest in the management of the Republican, then a struggling weekly. Miss Louise joined the Republican's staff in October, 1897, and two months later the enterprising young woman bought the paper.

English Royal Customs.

Everybody may not know that in royal households it is not the custom to relight a candle. For however short a time it has been burning, if once extinguished, it is never used again—at least not in the precincts of the palace. Another quaint monarchical custom is that there are always two sets of servants, to insure better service. The one set goes on duty for three weeks, and when the time has expired another set will take their place, so that in the sovereign's palace there is always one complete retinue at work, while their duplicates are resting until their three weeks of service comes round again.—London Onlooker.

Matrimonial Shrinkage.

It was Ernest McGaffey, the writer of verse, to whom a lady said:

"O, Mr. McGaffey, I have just seen your wife for the first time since your marriage; but I had supposed she was a taller woman. She seems shorter than when I saw her last."

"Certainly," said the poet, solemnly. "She has married and settled down."

Doubtful Appreciation.

Minnie (to Effie)—Doesn't he find that writing for the papers is rather a thankless task?

Effie—Oh, no, not at all. Almost everything he writes is returned with thanks.

When a woman has invented a name for her child that none of the neighbors can pronounce, she feels that she has scored again.

ON THE HONEYMOON.

How a Newly Married Couple Fooled Their Friends.

"The young married couples that we get just starting out on their wedding journey," said the railroad brakeman in the Kansas City Journal, "appear to know a thing or two. If they get a lively send-off they take the parting greetings of their friends, including the showers of rice and that sort of thing, in one car, and then, as soon as the train starts move into another.

"I imagine that often they must have this all planned out in advance. If they don't, if they change their quarters after they get on the train, when they see what a mess their friends have made around them, then they have more presence of mind than you would expect of them under the circumstances.

"Coming into town one night a while ago we got, at a city up the road, a young couple just married and starting out on their wedding journey. Their friends who had come down to see them off were all in evening dress, their start being made at night. The young couple came marching down the aisle of the car with a bunch of young fellows in swallowtail coats trooping after them, the head one of the lot carrying a big sheet of paper, which he held up back of the couple as they walked, trying to pin it on their backs and on which was marked:

"'We have just been married.'

"When the couple took their seat the likely youngster with the sign pinned that on the back of the seat they occupied. And then the other folks, young men and women, gayly dressed, who had come to see the young couple off, filed past them along the aisle and threw rice over them as they went by.

"When they got outside they lined up on the station platform, a jolly, handsome party, opposite the window the young couple sat at and waited there till the train started. The minute the train did start the young fellow got up and led his bride into the parlor car ahead, where he had reserved seats in advance, leaving the car with the rice-covered floor and the seat with the sign up, 'We have just been married,' to be occupied by whoever might chance to take it.

"They really began their journey in the other car, in quiet among people who had not seen the send-off. Of course, as soon as they had gone we took down the sign from the back of the seat and then there was nothing unusual left in the car but the scrunching of rice under foot; but nobody ever minds that."

Animals Understand Hygiene.

Enough is now known of the nature of animal materia medica to excite interest and curiosity. There is abundant evidence that many species know and constantly make use of simple remedies for definite disorders, and at the same time observe rules of health to which only the highest civilization or the sanction of religious prescription compels man to conform.

It has been noted that the general condition of animal health, especially in the case of the herbivorous creatures, corresponds not inexactly with that of such tribes as the Somalis, men feeding almost solely on grain, milk, dates and water, living constantly in the open air, moderate in all things, and cleanly, because their religion enjoins constant ablutions. Like them, wild animals have no induced diseases; the greater number do not eat to excess; they take regular exercise in seeking their food, and drink only at fixed hours. Many of them secure change of climate, one of the greatest factors in health, by migration.

This is not confined to birds and beasts, for the salmon enters the soft water partly to get rid of sea parasites, and returns to the sea to recruit after spawning. With change of climate, change of diet, and perfectly healthy habits, their list of disorders is short, though they readily fall victims to contagious disease, just as recently numbers of the Hamran Arabs of the Soudan, as healthy livers and good Mussulmans as the Somalis themselves, friends and fellow hunters with Sir Samuel Baker, perished of contagious fever on the banks of the Nile tributaries.

Nature's Make of "Beeswax."

At the mouth of the Nehalem River, on the coast of Oregon, a very queer substance is found. It has the appearance of a mineral at first sight, but on close inspection and under practical tests it appears to be pure beeswax, says the Detroit Free Press. It has all the useful properties of beeswax, and it is sold in Astoria at the regular market price of beeswax. It is washed ashore at high tide in quantities ranging from a lump the size of a walnut to a chunk weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. It is also found on shore, in black soil where trees are growing, at considerable elevations above the water. A piece of this strange substance submitted to expert examination in New York is declared to be what is known as mineral wax. This substance has for years been known to exist in the lignite-beds of the Northwest. The quantities found on the coast of Oregon would seem to indicate the existence of a tertiary lignite-bed in the neighborhood. It belongs to the hydrocarbon series allied to the retinites and ambers—fossil remains of resinous trees of the tertiary age.

Night Blindness.

Night blindness is a peculiar affection of the eye in which the patient sees very well during the day, but becomes blind as night approaches. It is mostly met with in warm climates, and usually gives way to mild treatment.

Sugar in Europe.

Gibbon says that sugar was first brought from Asia to Europe A. D. 625.

COLLEGE GIRL WHO FOUND STEALING FASCINATING.

An irresistible craving for excitement is held responsible for the thefts committed by Mabel Lawrence Burt, the daughter of an Edgerton, Mass., lawyer, who was arrested at Northampton, Mass., for stealing jewelry to the value of $3,000 from her fellow-students at Smith College. In her confession after the arrest the girl declared the value of the trinkets did not attract her so much as the danger of detection, which fascinated her and caused her to repeat her crime time and again as she noted the efforts to discover the thief. She knew she was doing wrong and that detection meant disgrace and perhaps a term in prison, but she could not resist the impulse to steal articles that would be missed and cause efforts to be made for their recovery. She told her father that on one occasion she stole a diamond ring belonging to her roommate,

MABEL LAWRENCE BURT.

and then, filled with remorse, replaced the ring before its absence was noted. Within twenty-four hours she again stole the ring. She declares her stealing gave her a mental exhilaration which was enjoyable, and that after the first offense it was impossible for her to stop the practice.

Some of her friends believe the girl to be a victim of hypnotism. Others think she is mentally unbalanced as the result of an accident about a year ago, when she received an injury to her head that rendered her unconscious several hours. Two prominent physicians have reported that Miss Burt is suffering from mental derangement and should receive treatment.

Lived Under Five Monarchs.

"I have lived under five English monarchs, and now expect to die in a republic," said Mrs. Elizabeth Davies, aged 88, at the home of her son, W. V. Davies, in New Castle, Pa. Mrs. Davies has just arrived from Haverford West, South Wales, to spend her remaining days with her son, whom she had not seen for thirty-one years. She stood the ocean voyage remarkably well, being sick only one day. Agents of the Cunard line say that she is the oldest woman that ever crossed in their ships. She was met in New York by her son, whom she instantly recognized in a crowd.

MRS. DAVIS.

She says that she was 6 years old at the death of George III. She distinctly remembers the accession of George IV. to the throne. She was 17 when the Duke of Clarence, William IV., took the throne of England. When Victoria acquired the title of Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Mrs. Davies was 24. Edward VII., who was reigning when she left, made the fifth sovereign under whom she lived.

Tombs Six Thousand Years Old.

The village of Flamborn, near Mayence, in the Hessian Palatinate, has just become the center of much archaelogical interest, writes a Berlin correspondent. Some excavators have discovered an ancient cemetery where the dead were buried in a sitting position. In some of the tombs stone axes were found at a depth of about fifty centimeters under the surface. Archaeologists assume that the tombs date back to a period of about 6,000 years ago. Adjacent to this cemetery another was found containing Frankish tombs, dating from the age of Charlemagne. The first discovery does away with the theory that the Rhine in prehistoric times, before it broke through at Bingen on its way to the ocean, existed as an enormous inland sea, covering the country now known as the Palatinate. Prof. Virchow and other eminent scientists have been to see the extraordinary discoveries.

The Subtle American Joke.

"Did you ever hear the joke about the guide in Rome who showed some travelers two skulls of St. Paul, one as a boy and the other as a man?" asked an American of a German friend, who claimed that he had acquired the real New England sense of humor.

"No," said the German, beaming in anticipation of a good story. "Tell it me at once, mein friend, dat joke."

Next.

"The superstition about hanging a horseshoe over the door is dying out."

"I suppose the next thing to put in its place will be an automobile tire."

Some men, when they play seven-up claim low every time.

Children's Corner

A Short Talk to Boys.

If it becomes necessary for you to leave school for a time and go to work, do it gracefully. Work is honorable. Don't be afraid of it. It would be an excellent idea for everybody to learn a trade. The old Jewish law made it obligatory, asserting that if a man neglected to teach his son a trade he did the same as make him a thief. The Emperor of Germany is a bookbinder. The fact that you have a trade need not make you work at it, but with a good trade at his fingers' ends and good health to back it, a man is seldom floored, no matter where he finds himself. If you start to learn a trade, remember that the harder you work, and the more closely you apply yourself, the sooner you will outstrip all your chums and land on the top of the ladder where situations are many and wages are high. Don't be afraid to work. Don't be content with merely putting in the allotted time, but try and find out the best way to accomplish the work you have to do in the neatest and most expeditious manner. You may think that effort of this kind is not appreciated, but it is, and when some fine day there is a chance for promotion, and when you find yourself singled out from half a dozen of your chums, and sent up a step higher, don't attribute it to luck, but to the fact that your employer saw and appreciated the fact that you were careful and painstaking and took this method of rewarding your efforts.

On the other hand, if you go fooling along, doing just as little as you can, and not even that until you are told repeatedly, and then in a slipshod and slovenly manner, don't attribute it to luck when some other fellow is allowed to go several rounds above you on the ladder, at better pay. The employer has seen the difference between your way of doing things and the other boy's, and prefers his to yours, that's all.—The American Boy.

Thirsty Little Travellers.

Two little travelers are Teddy and May.
Long journeys they take in their morning's play,
Exploring the brooks, the garden and lane.
They range through the pasture and fields of grain;
They visit points of the greatest renown
Without so much as a shilling or crown.
Their forests are stretches of waving grass,
Their ocean the meadow, and there, alas!

AT THE OLD PUMP.

They often are shipwrecked among the flowers
And suffer delay for long, sunny hours.
But though to marvelous places they fare,
Their wanderings have but one end, for this pair
Always return with a hop, skip and jump,
To refresh themselves at the dear old pump.
—Youth's Companion.

Egg Inside of a Bottle.

Most young people think it would be impossible to put a hen's egg into a bottle without breaking the shell. It looks harder to explain than the king's question how the apple got into the dumpling, and for this reason the secret of the trick will please young people who love to make their friends wonder. Like many other curious things, it is easy enough when you know how.

This is the way it is done: Soak a fresh egg for several days in strong vinegar. The acid of the vinegar will eat the lime of the shell, so that, while the egg looks the same, it will be soft and capable of compression. Select a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg. With a little care you will have no trouble in pressing the latter into the bottle. Fill the bottle half full of lime water and in a few days you will have a hard-shelled egg in a bottle with a neck a third smaller than the egg.

Of course you pour off the lime water as the shell hardens. How the egg got into the bottle will be a conundrum that few can answer.

Tommy Was Tricky.

Tommy, aged 5, had a pony and a dog, and, while he liked them both, he liked the pony best. One day a visitor, to test his generosity, asked him if he would not give him the dog. "No," replied the little fellow, "but I'll give you my pony." This surprised his mother very much and she asked him why he didn't give the dog instead. "Don't say a word, mamma," whispered the little schemer, "when he goes to get the pony I'll sic the dog on him."

A Puzzling Question.

"Mamma," said little Elsie, looking up from her Sunday school book, "there's one thing I can't understand about Adam and Eve." "What is it, dear?" asked her mother. "I know where their meat and vegetables came from," said Elsie, "but where in the world did they buy their groceries?"

Wanted Her Foot Wakened.

Bessie, aged 4, had been sitting in a cramped position for some time playing with her doll. By and by, when she attempted to get up, she dropped back on the floor and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, my foot's asleep! Won't you ring the breakfast bell, please, and wake it up?"

Grandpa and the Golden Rule.

"Would you like me to give you a quarter, grandpa?" asked 5-year-old Johnny. "Certainly," replied the old gentleman. "Very well," said the little diplomat, "then you should do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

Not All Kinds.

Big Sister—Oh, I do hope papa will take me to the concert. I'm so fond of music.

Little Brother—Huh! Then why don't you never let me play my drum in the house?

Thought He'd Better Be Mended.

Small Johnny, on being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, said: "Don't you think I had better be mended?"

NEWSBOYS' TRADING CENTERS.

One of Their Principal "Exchanges" North of Union Square.

There are newsboy centers, as well as news centers, in New York. The north side of Union Square is an important one, and there, at that hour of the afternoon at which the newspapers arrive from down-town, a crowd of small boys, of all the various ages and sizes which come under that classification, gathers daily. The Subway company has built a high wooden fence around its power house there and against this fence are a number of small square shelves, says the New York Evening Post. On these shelves the newspapers are piled as fast as they are thrown out of the delivery wagons and the boys rush around them, each one trying to get his stock of papers first.

The whole scene has the air of a diminutive stock exchange. They may not be picturesque, these small boys, but they are unquestionably alive. As soon as one gets his bunch of papers he tucks it under one arm, like a half-clipped wing, and flies to waylay the crowd of men that pours up from downtown along Broadway and 5th avenue at that time of day. A certain number, though, seem to prefer hanging around Union Square to argue and dispute, in their shrill little voices and to write derisive remarks, referring to each other's past and future, with chalk on the fence.

At the south side of the square, on a pile of dirt and stones, and just beneath the equestrian George Washington's outstretched hand, there is another knot of boys grabbing papers from the delivery wagons of one or two newspapers which only deliver their papers there, and not at the upper end of the square. The boys who have already received their papers scramble up on top of the pile of stones, and, sparrow-like, perch there with their heads on one side, looking down on and jeering at the hustling crowd below.

There are other newsboy centers at 6th avenue and 23d street, and indeed at many other points up town, but none so lively and exciting as the one at Union Square. Quotations of prices may not vary much there, but trade is always lively.

The Suburban State.

New Jersey may be called a suburban State, for its population has been distributed largely under the influence of two great and crowded centers just beyond its limits. Of these New York is much the more important. Nearly half the population of New Jersey resides within eighteen miles of New York, and a large proportion is directly suburban. One hundred thousand more live within twelve miles of Philadelphia. Six of the ten largest cities in the State—Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken, Elizabeth, Bayonne, and Orange—are largely tributary to New York, as Camden is to Philadelphia. In the other three, Paterson is on the finest water power in the State, Trenton is at the head of navigation on the Delaware, and has obtained some water power from the river, and New Brunswick is at the head of navigation on the Raritan, the largest river in the State.—From Economical Studies.

How the Brahmin Cleans His Teeth.

When the Brahmin cleans his teeth he must use a small twig cut from one of a number of certain trees, and before he cuts it he must make his act known to the gods of the woods.

He must not indulge in this cleanly habit every day. He must abstain on the 6th, the 8th, the 9th, the 14th, the 15th, and the last day of the moon, on the days of new and full moon, on the Tuesday in every week, on the day of the constellation under which he was born, on the day of the week and on the day of the month which correspond with those of his birth, at an eclipse, at the conjunction of his birth, at the equinoxes, and other unlucky epochs, and also on the anniversary of the death of his father or mother.

Any one who cleans his teeth with his bit of stick on any of the above-mentioned days will have hell as his portion.—From "Hindoo Manners," the Abbe Dubois.

A Pound of Spiders' Webs.

It has been calculated that if a pound of thread made from spiders' webs were required, it would occupy nearly 28,000 spiders a full year to furnish it.

The author's train of thought is a construction train.

The Dunkards originated in Germany, out of which country they were driven by persecution early in the eighteenth century. They came to Pennsylvania on the invitation of William Penn, and in that State they throve and grew numerous. Until recently Pennsylvania has been the head center of the Dunkards, but so many of them have emigrated to the farm lands of the far West that the center has now shifted.

It was from one of the Pennsylvania communities that sprang an even more curious and interesting development—that of the monastic Town of Ephreta, Pa., once a manufacturing and commercial metropolis, now a mere village.

Nearly 200 years ago Conrad Beissel, of Dunkard parentage, was baptized into the German Baptist Church. He was a man of great study and pious zeal, and he became convinced that the seventh, instead of the first, day of the week should be observed as the Sabbath day. He wrote tracts in support of this view and urged it so strongly that, to avoid trouble, he was finally compelled to withdraw from membership in the society. He retired into what was then a wilderness and made his home in an old cave on the bank of a river, where he lived the life of a hermit. Gradually some of his friends and others who were convinced that he had the right way of thinking gathered about his cavern, and in 1732 a communistic life was entered upon by those who followed him. The men of the society wore long white flannel gowns and cowls, with shirts, trousers, and vests of the same material. The women were attired in the same way, with the exception that a short petticoat was substituted for the trousers. There were no vows of celibacy taken nor required, though the idea was taught by Beissel. Both the brothers and sisters were known by monastic names. About these two monastic communities gathered a good sized community of people who believed in the doctrines taught by Beissel and wanted to follow him. All property was held in common, and in a few years the farm lands held by the community and worked by the brothers and sisters became extremely productive and valuable. Gradually also flouring mills, paper and saw mills, and woolen mills were erected on the banks of the river by the community, and at one time they were the largest mills of their kind in the United States. The income from all these enterprises was large, and it all went into the common fund and was used for the common support. The community was also active in proselyting, and set up one of the first printing presses in the country to turn out its own books and tracts.

Now the mills are almost all in ruins. The great estate of the old community has practically passed out of the hands of the few surviving members of the society, and the last of the brothers in white gowns has long since passed away.

The old cloisters, where the brothers and sisters lived until a few years ago, are now leased to a number of families and are fast crumbling into decay. Within their walls one will first be struck with the strange fact that all the doors are extremely small and of the same size, measuring exactly five feet in height and twenty inches in width. This, it is explained by the old Dunkards who still live about Ephreta, was intended to be a constant reminder to the faithful, as they stooped and twisted to get through the doors, that the way which leadeth to eternal life is narrow and steep.

These Dunkards are inclined to live together in communities, though this is less pronounced than formerly. They are cut off from the rest of the world not only by their peculiar dress but by many of the religious beliefs and observances. Altogether they now number more than 100,000 members, though there is not much if any growth in their numbers of recent years. The young people who grow up in the denomination seem to be more and more inclined to leave it in recent years for some faith which will give them more liberty of thought and action.

Every congregation of the Dunkards is entirely independent of the rest and elects its own deacons, ministers, and Bishops. None of the clergy is paid a regular salary, but if he is poor the church members will contribute to his support. When there are questions which involve more than one congregation district and general conferences are held, and the Dunkards meet by the thousands in the open air to settle them.

At every conference, as well as at the love-feasts which are held in every congregation twice a year, the first ceremony is that of the washing of feet. All the men of the congregation sit on one side of the meeting-house and all the women on the other side. Then, as the candles are lit, the members on the front benches remove their shoes and stockings. Men and women come in, carrying tubs of lukewarm water, and a man on the man's side and a woman on the woman's side then wash the feet, one by one, shaking the right hand of each individual as the washing is completed and giving the kiss of peace. Closely following the person who does the washing comes another person, girded about the waist with a long towel, who wipes the feet and bestows the kiss of peace and the right hand of fellowship in his or her turn. As one benchful has the ceremony performed another takes its place until all the congregation has taken part. While the feet washing is in progress the minister makes a brief speech or reads from the Bible some passages alluding to the ceremony.

In the meeting-houses the back of every third bench is so arranged that it can be turned on a pivot and transformed into a table, about which the faithful gather for the sacrament of the Lord's supper. The pew back is covered with a white cloth, upon which are placed large bowls of soup. Three or four people help themselves from each of these bowls. After this the communion itself is administered, and the services conclude with the singing of hymns and preaching.

In case of sickness among the members of the church the orthodox members cling to the ancient ceremonies of anointing the patient with oil and praying over him. Word of each case of illness is sent to the elders of the church, and at an appointed time they appear, pour oil upon the head of the sick man, lay their hands upon his head, and offer prayers in his behalf. Baptism is administered in running water and by threefold immersion.

Almost all of the Dunkards are engaged in farming. They will suffer a wrong rather than go to law about it, and are not accustomed to take any part in politics, though more and more of the young men of the church are to be found among those who vote regularly and take an intelligent interest in matters of public policy. The old-fashioned Dunkards pride themselves on the peculiarities which separate them from other people, and are accustomed to refer to the members of thir church as "God's peculiar people." But it is the disinclination of the young people of their church to cut themselves off from others of their own age that has proved to be the greatest weakness of the church. It is said to be barely holding its own at the present time.

KISS OF PEACE.

WASHING THE FEET.

COSTUMES OF DUNKARDS.

A Complimentary Indorsement.

A farmer was traveling to London in quest of legal advice, and during the journey became impressed with the belief that he had left behind certain important papers. As he made a hurried investigation of his bag he said:

"If I did leave those papers I'm a fool."

He continued the search, and a moment later exclaimed:

"I'll bet it'll turn out I'm a fool!"

For the third time he rummaged through the bag, and as he reached the last bundle he repeated:

"Yes, sir, I believe it'll turn out I'm a fool!"

Now the traveling British public greatly resents any disturbance of its solemn silence, and a man on the other side of the compartment, who had listened frowningly to the farmer's definition of his own status, looked over his newspaper and said, with sarcastic interest:

"Oblige me, sir, by laying a little money that same way for me."

The proposition was not accepted, partly because betting is immoral, and partly because the farmer felt that his companion would have a sure thing.

A Kentucky Author.

Mrs. Lucy Cleaver McElroy, the author of "Juletty," was born in Lebanon, Ky., and has lived all her life in that State. As a girl Mrs. McElroy joined in all her father's sports and lived an out-of-doors-life. This manner of living she kept up after her marriage, and it was while riding to hounds with her husband that she was thrown from her horse and made an invalid for life. She wrote "Juletty" under the most trying circumstances. While the author lay on her back or when scarce able to hold a pen, she picked out the words with one hand on a typewriter. Yet she writes with a fullness of life and joyousness that any lover of field sports might envy.

MRS. M'ELROY.

Great Men's Playfellows.

Thomas Jefferson's happiest hours were spent in working and playing with his children and grandchildren. Charles Dickens found his best recreation in the same way. Abraham Lincoln soothed the anxieties of war days by romping with his boys in the White House. And New England's grand old man, Everett Hale, has kept young in spite of a long life of hard public labor by cultivating the society of his children and their children.—Indianapolis News.

The Biggest Clock in America.

The biggest clock in America is in the tower of a public building in Philadelphia. It is 351 feet from the pavement. Its bell weighs over 20,000 pounds. The dial is 25 feet in diameter, the minute hand 12 feet long, and the hour hand 9 feet, the numerals on the face being 2 feet 8 inches in length. A three-horse-power engine winds the clock.

Some Distinction in That.

She—Don't let my refusal of your proposal embitter you, Mr. Simpkins.

He—Oh, no; after all, it is something to have been rejected by a girl who owns a $500 dog.

Only fool husbands ever attempt to satisfy a wife's $50 wants with a $5 bill.

MINERAL SPRINGS HOTEL, AT WEST BADEN, IND., DESTROYED BY FIRE.

NEW YORK'S SPITE HOUSE.

One of the Most Curious Buildings Ever Erected in the Universe.

It is reported in New York that the famous "spite" house erected several years ago by a man named Richardson is to be offered for sale, together with its furniture and interior decorations. There is not in the whole world a stranger house than this one, nor any that has a more curious history. The man who built the house "out of spite" is now dead, but his name still clings to the place, and it is unlikely that it will ever be known by any other name than the "Richardson Spite House."

Richardson was a millionaire and he was also a miser. He began life as a bricklayer, economized and saved money. In time his savings were invested in houses and land. The land upon which Richardson built his "spite house" was the property of his wife. It was an absurd little strip of land extending 104 feet along Lexington avenue and only five feet on the side street. Eighteen years ago one Heyman Sarner, a clothier, wished to build a block of apartment houses on the side street, adjoining the little strip of land owned by Mrs. Richardson. He desired a front on the avenue, and approaching the Richardsons offered $1,000 for the ruler-shaped bit of land. One thousand dollars was a good price for the property. It was not worth a cent more.

"Oh, no," said Richardson, "but we'll sell it to you for $5,000—not a cent less."

Sarner declined to pay more than his original offer and said he'd manage to get along without a Lexington avenue frontage.

Richardson brooded over the matter a while and then made plans for "getting even." He would build a house of some sort on that land even if it were uninhabitable, just so he could keep the light from Sarner's windows. He built the house and gratified his spite. Then he went to live in the house with his family. There he afterward died.

The house is the queerest dwelling imaginable. It looks like a bicycle case set on end. It extends the full 104 feet on the avenue and is nowhere over sixty inches wide. It contains narrow little casement-like rooms, with furniture built especially for the pygmy apartments. The stairways are as cramped as one can possibly imagine. It is impossible for two persons to pass in the halls. To accomplish such a passing one of the two must step into one of the rooms on the side. The table in the dining-room is eighteen inches wide and the rest of the furniture is built in proportion.

PROFITS IN HUNTING TREES.

Finding of Mahogany Is a Lucrative Occupation in South America.

Mahogany hunting is the most important and best paid labor in the Central and South American service, for upon the skill and activity of the man largely depends the success of the season. The trees do not grow in groups, but are scattered promiscuously through the forest and hidden in the dense growth of underbrush, vines and creepers, and it requires skillful and experienced woodsmen to find them. To fell a large mahogany tree is one day's task for two men. On account of the thorn-like spurs which project from the trunk at its base, scaffolds are erected and the tree cut off above these protuberances, which leaves a stump from ten to fifteen feet high, thus wasting the best part of the tree. After trimming the tree of its granches it is hauled by means of a crude truck, with oxen as motive power, to the bank of the river. There the logs are collected and made ready for the floods. On the longest rivers these begin in June and July, and on others in October and November. The logs are turned adrift, and when they reach tidewater are caught by means of booms. From the boom the logs are taken to the "embarcadero" and prepared for shipment.

A tree makes from two to five logs, measuring ten to eighteen feet in length and from twenty to twenty-four inches in diameter after being hewed.

There is a great range in the value of mahogany timber. The poor grade of short stock may sell as low as 50 cents for 1,000 feet, while fancy material, used in the manufacture of tops of counters, may be worth $3.50 for 1,000 feet, or even higher. Previous to the war in Cuba much mahogany was shipped from the island to the United States.

Advice for a Baby.

There dwells near me a little kid
  That's learnin' how to talk.
He tries to do as he is bid
  An' does his best to walk.
An' if I thought that he'd receive
  Advice, I'd give him some,
And that would be to make believe
  That he was deaf and dumb.

I'd tell him to quit practicing
  His "ah goo" by the hour;
To smile an' never do a thing
  But blossom like a flower.
I'd show to him how often men
  Go slidin' down luck's hill
By simply sayin' something when
  They ought to have kept still.

It's kind o' hard, when you have tried
  To steer aright your bark
To see your fragile hopes collide
  Agin some fool remark.
If I was he I'd change this bent,
  Nor try to rise above
My present state, but be content
  To live an' laugh an' love.
—Washington Star.

Too Much.

The Young Man—I suppose, sir, that when I become formally engaged to your daughter you will admit me as a member of the firm.

The Father—Well, I don't know. I don't feel as if I could afford the expense of both of these things just now.

THE YELLOW MAN'S BURDEN.

The white man's burden has been described in prose and poetry. The yellow man's burden, greater than his white brother's, remains to be pictured by historians and commentators. China's payment of $300,000,000 indemnity, enormous as this sum is, cannot be the heaviest weight on the shoulders of the already overtaxed Celestials, says Williamsport (Pa.) Grit. China's credit remains good so long as she has concessions to offer as security. If she display good financiering, China can easily pay this amount or even a larger one, to satisfy the pecuniary demands of the powers, the while investing large sums in needed internal improvements. The yellow man's burden is not a financial one.

China is to-day practically without government for her 400,000,000 of people. The royal family is divided, the Empress working against reforms necessary for the perpetuity of the empire, and the Emperor being powerless to carry out such improvements as he considers advantageous for the nation. Imperial authority lacks power to execute its ordinary orders even, neither Empress nor Emperor having civil officers of sufficient loyalty or armies of sufficient strength to oppose the powerful viceroys and crafty mandarins. Such obedience as is secured, springs from policy more than from anything else. Dishonesty, corruption, treachery, and worse crime exist in the highest as well as the lowest official and social circles. Civilization in its true sense is not appreciated by the average Celestial who is an example of a decaying race. China's real burden is to arrest decay, reinvigorate and elevate its 400,000,000 people, a burden which no other nation has to bear.

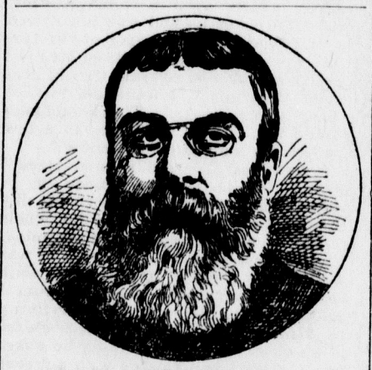
It is true that the payment of $300,000,000 indemnity will not make China's burden any lighter, no matter how favorable the conditions of payment. It is also true that unaided she cannot begin the process of regeneration necessary for her further existence as an entirely independent nation. But the indemnity may bring this necessary assistance, since financial obligations will continue intercourse with some nation or nations able to give direction. Still, the conditions are not such that foreign assistance can easily be accepted, a fact that discloses the worst phase of the yellow man's burden.

A NOTABLE AUTHOR DEAD.

Sir Walter Besant, the English Novelist and Historiographer.

A notable English novelist and historiographer, Sir Walter Besant, who was a warm friend of America and an admirer of Americans, has been laid to rest at Hampstead, in the north of London, where he had long made his home. Sir Walter's death followed an illness of short duration.

Walter Besant, in the minds of Englishmen, was the nearest approach to Dickens the country ever produced. He was born in 1838 and was the son of a well-to-do merchant. Entering Cambridge, he took up the study of mathematics but, becoming interested in Dickens' works, determined to emulate the great writer's example and enter the field of literature. All his time could not then be devoted to writing, however, so he secured a colonial appointment and, when opportunity offered, wrote a novel. Two years passed before his work was finished and then it was rejected by a publisher with the result that it was placed in the fire. Then Sir Walter set to work publishing studies in French literature and also engaged in journalism. Becoming acquainted with a magazine editor named James Rice, he joined with him and together they produced in ten years twelve successful books.


SIR WALTER BESANT.

While celebrated as an historical writer, a greater reputation was gained by Mr. Besant in a class of novels which added something of a purpose to the narrative. He was one of the first to discover for the present generation the East End of London, an industrial city whose millions pass an apparently dull, uneventful existence.

The People's Palace, which it was his idea should be the center of wholesome pleasure amid sordid surroundings, took concrete shape, and has been the parent of many similar institutions. It was in recognition of his work in this connection that knighthood was conferred upon him in 1895. So comprehensive and thorough was his knowledge of the topography and history of London that he was chosen to direct the preparation of a new survey which should picture the history, traditions and institutions of the vast metropolis.

Sir Walter twice visited America, the second occasion being in 1893, when he read a paper at the World's Congress of Authors at the Chicago Exposition.

Surprising Shrinkage.

A writer on old Texas says, in "The Evolution of a State," that in 1837 the winter was cold and wet, and the settlers suffered for clothing. Buckskin was sufficient while the weather kept dry, but there was one great objection to it as a rainy-day garment.

One afternoon a certain Jimmie, who had not been long in the country, was out with a surveying party, when there came up a drenching rain. Before they could reach shelter the buckskin breeches of the men were thoroughly saturated. A hospitable house, rendered delightful by daughters and young lady guests, opened its doors, and the surveyors took shelter.

Jimmie was not acquainted with the vagaries of buckskin, and on alighting from his horse he was distressed to find his feet enveloped in the slimy folds of trouser legs which had mysteriously lengthened, and become as unmanageable as a jellyfish. So he took out his knife and cut off the extra length.

A rousing fire had been built in the great open fireplace, and the boys drew up in front of it to dry their clothing. As the buckskin dried it began to shrink, and the breeches made a perceptibly retrograde movement.

Jim perceived it, and, bending down, stretched them, to the ill-concealed amusement of those who had witnessed the amputation. But the buckskins were on the retreat, and presently had put an alarming distance between their lower edge and the top of Jim's shoes.

He did not wait for the rain to stop. He got out his horse and rode away.

Electric Eel's Victim.

At the Zoological Gardens a large electric eel was swimming in its tank with more activity than usual, when a big cockroach fell into the water, and in its efforts to get out made a disturbance of the surface, which attracted the attention of the eel. The eel turned round, swam past it, discharged its battery at about eight inches off, and the cockroach instantly stopped stone dead. It did not even move its antennae after. The eel then proceeded to swallow its victim, and the narrator goes on to point out the curious circumstance that the fish, which weighed about twelve pounds, should find it worth while to fire its heavy artillery at a creature an inch and a half long, when it could easily have swallowed it sans facon.—Chambers' Journal.

Feudal Warfare in Kentucky.

Almost every mountain county in Kentucky has, or has had, its feud. On one side is a leader whose authority is rarely questioned. Each leader has his band of retainers. Always he arms them; usually he feeds them; sometimes he houses and clothes them, and sometimes, even, he hires them. In one local war $4 per day were the wages of the fighting man, and the leader on one occasion, while besieging his enemies—in the county courthouse—tried to purchase a cannon, and from no other personage than the governor himself.—Scribner's Magazine.

An Abstainer.

Briggs—Well, I have had to give up flirting.

Griggs—Why?

Briggs—I found it was affecting my heart.

Don't depend on your personal appearance earning your salary.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

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SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901.

Robbing the U. S. Mint is easier than holding up a train, besides a deal safer.

Bryan wants Hanna to have the Republican nomination for President in 1904 and Hanna might be willing to accept if assured the Democratic nomination would again go to Bryan.

It seems as if our Uncle Samuel is actually suffering from a surplus of gold. The big newspapers say our Uncle has more gold than he has room for, and in this way accounts for the stealing of $30,000, or 100 pounds avoirdupois, in gold coin, from the U. S. Mint at San Francisco. By which token we rise to explain that nothing explains like an explanation.

All the world now knows that Fitzhugh is to be assistant to President Charles M. Hays of the Southern Pacific Company but our people have yet to learn who and how much the business management of the Southern Pacific Company is to be applied here. Our town still continues to contribute at the rate of over a quarter of a million annually to the coffers of the Southern Pacific Company, and to receive in return one measly mail train daily.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Some people, when they work, don't do anything.

A clerk in a railroad office resigns; a brakeman quits.

Two weeks is as short in a vacation, as it is long in jail.

Why do people give advice? Fools won't take it and wise men don't need it.

If you quarrel with a Missourian, you've got to do something besides argue.

The only joke about commencement exercises is that the graduates take themselves seriously.

With the average company the secretary does the work, and the other officers get the credit.

Call a woman in trouble "poor little girl," and she is ready to follow you off as faithfully as a dog.

A baby crying during a hot night, even if a block away, has a tendency to discourage matrimony.

A meeting was called at a church to pray for rain. "No use praying for rain," said a hard-headed old brother, "until the wind changes."

A man gets mad if any man looks at his daughter of sixteen, and if she has reached 26 without any man looking at her, he begins to look at her critically himself.—Atchison Globe.

The Love Story of Two Giraffes.

"In the Cincinnati zoo dwelt two giraffes," writes Clifford Howard, in telling some "Love Stories of the Zoo" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Giraffes are not noted for their affection, yet these two exhibited every evidence of true devotion to each other. The male never seemed to tire of caressing the long, slender neck of his partner and, what was most unusual, would frequently leave for her the softest and choicest bits of food. On one occasion, when she was removed from the pen for a short time and quartered near by, he seemed to find consolation in some bits of cloth that had been used to bind her throat, always lying down beside them, no matter where they happened to be placed. And during this temporary separation the two would spend hours gazing longingly at each other across the space that divided them. When they were again united, they made manifest their supreme happiness by frolicking about like frisky colts, blissfully unmindful of the fact that such behavior was anything but picturesque in creatures of their build."

Novel Uses For Peat Wood.

Peat wood is adapted perfectly as a material for street paving, being absolutely free from dust, noiseless and exceedingly durable. Natural wood blocks, on the other hand, do not resist atmospheric influences sufficiently and soon warp. Peat wood is suited also excellently for railroad sleepers. Screws, rivets and nails become fastened therein as firmly as in the best of oak.

Are There None?

"Johnnie, give me an example of a combination of meaningless phrases."

"Yes'm. A burglar proof safe stood in a fireproof block."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A SUMMER OUTING.

From Glenwood's sun-kissed mountains
to Capitola's strand
I roamed and rode with maidens, the fairest in the land,
And one from out the number, who sat with me beside,
The fairest flower among them all, just wrung her hands and cried,
"Oh, must you go, my dearest, when love is at its prime?
Oh, must you leave your darling, your little Clementine?"
We were too young to marry; it grieved me so to flee,
But she was only forty-eight and I but fifty-three.

But giddy youth must have its fling, though Cupid strain his bow;
And quivering hearts must drift apart though both with love o'erflow.
But I through all the coming years whatever time may bring
Shall wish again those happy days when life was in its Spring;
Shall see again that mineral spring, the scene with sun aglow,
At eventide in the summer time when tender thoughts must flow,—
For that happy time with my Clementine when life was filled with glee
And she was just but forty-eight and I but fifty-three.

O Clementine! O Clementine! And shall there be encore?
Love! shall we woo in Glenwood's wilds together "Annie Moore?"
Together roam the wildwood glen; together seek the sea,
Ere you arrive at fifty-eight and I at sixty-three?
For youth, 'tis said, must quickly pass and love must fade, they say,
But summer love, dear, such as mine, I know shall live alway.
Comes not a dream that youth must fade when hearts are filled with glee,
Like Clementine's at forty-eight and mine at fifty-three.

And Clementine, will she forget when summer smiled so kind?
Or will she seek some other swain 'mong those I left behind?
There's C. C. M., the frisky boy, but threescore years and ten,
He sports a flowing full mustache, and whiskers on his chin.
And grandpa Aitch, so full of flame, with other swains galore;
Might woo a lass of forty-nine when I am fifty-four.
O Clementine! Dear Clementine! 'Twould make my heart full sore
Should you decline by Bean Creek's side to meet me "Annie Moore."

—D. F. LEARY.

"TO LOOK AT THE BOOKS."

An Expression That Led the Bookkeeper to Depart In Haste.

A prominent Louisville lawyer who was in the city recently on business told this curious little story one evening while chatting with some friends:

"My pet fad for many years," he said, "has been what is called the 'extending' of books. I select some standard work, preferably a work of history, and begin to collect letters, autographs, pictures, maps, printed matter, documents and anything else obtainable connected with the subject treated. Eventually I have the original book taken apart and rebound with all my supplementary matter, and a single volume is sometimes extended to a dozen. It is a very fascinating hobby, and if I went into details I would never get to my story. What I started out to tell you was this:

"Five or six years ago I was on the train going to Toledo to attend to some legal matters when I fell in with a very agreeable elderly gentleman who turned out to be a furniture manufacturer living in middle Ohio. Something turned the conversation to books, and the old gentleman remarked casually that he was extending a copy of Irving's 'Life of Washington.' By a remarkable coincidence I was just then engaged on exactly the same task myself, and, needless to say, we both became deeply interested. By the time we reached the manufacturer's home town he had persuaded me to stop over and take a look at his library, which, he said, contained several fine specimens of extended books.

"We arrived late in the afternoon, and before going to his house we dropped in at his down town office. A very serious looking, middle aged Scotchman came forward to greet us and was introduced by my friend as the manager of the furniture works. 'I'm going to keep Mr. —— with us for a day or so,' said the old gentleman pleasantly. 'I want him to take a look at my books.' The Scotchman grunted some vague reply, and in a few moments we started for the house.

"I was most hospitably entertained," continued the lawyer, "and found the library intensely interesting, but next day I had to go on to Toledo, and the whole episode eventually faded from my mind. One day last summer, however, it was unexpectedly recalled by a meeting with the old manufacturer himself, whom I bumped into in the corridor of the Planters' House in St. Louis. He recognized me at once, and the first thing he asked was whether I had finished with my copy of 'Washington.'

"Then he took me by the arm and drew me aside. 'I'm very glad I've met you,' he said, 'because I want to tell you of a remarkable affair in which you played unconsciously an important part. Do you remember the details of your little visit to my town?' 'Fairly well,' I replied in surprise. 'Then perhaps you recall meeting the manager at our office?' he continued. 'Certainly,' said I. 'A sour looking Scotchman, with reddish hair.' 'Exactly!' he exclaimed. 'Well, he decamped that night and has never been seen since. We thought he was sick at home for a couple of days, so he got a good start. He was short a trifle over $20,000, but he had covered up his tracks so neatly that I was at a loss to know why he ran away until I received a letter from him posted in Mexico and making a clean breast of the whole affair.

"'It seems that he mistook you for an expert accountant and gathered from some remark I made about looking at my books that I had engaged you to examine the ledgers. Accordingly he took time by the forelock. It was a pretty serious loss,' he added, 'but I regard the incident as providential, because the rascal was then preparing for a big coup, which he would certainly have perfected inside a month. In that case he might have wrecked me.'

"It was a good joke on the Scotchman," said the lawyer, chuckling, "for I don't know any more about bookkeeping and accounts than a wild Hottentot."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Multiplied.

Tess—Mrs. Fadd's collection of bric-a-brac is wonderful. I saw it yesterday. She's got a number of fine old pieces.

Jess—Yes, and she's got at least twice as many more today.

Tess—You don't say?

Jess—Yes. Clumsy servant girl!—Philadelphia Press.

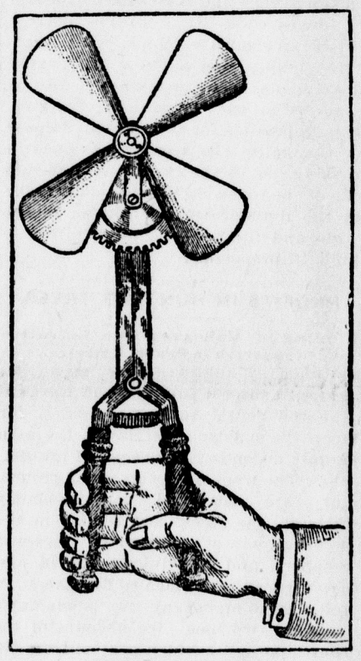
The phonographic knapsack is the invention of an Iowa genius. His idea is to place an ordinary phonograph that has been fixed to play waltz music in a knapsack that can be carried on a man's back. The phonograph has two sets of receivers to be placed at the ears. These receivers are fitted into an arrangement so that they can be retained at the ears without being held by the hands. The phonograph knapsack has been designed for use at dances. The young men carry them on their backs. In beginning a waltz a man places one set of the receivers at his own ears and the other at the ears of his fair partner. By pulling a cord dangling from the phonographic knapsack the machine is set in motion, and a waltz is played to which the young man and his partner merrily dance.

Electric Eyeglasses.

Dr. Theodor Berndt of Wiesbaden, Germany, has invented what may be termed electric eyeglasses, which are guaranteed to restore dimmed or darkened vision. The article in question takes practically the same shape as an ordinary pair of spectacles. The frame, however, is specially constructed, being made of thin layers of copper and zinc. To produce the restorative electric current the metal sides of the spectacles are moistened with vinegar or some dilute acid. An electric current is thus caused to flow through the eye nerves of the patient, and greatly improved vision results.

The Latest In Fans.

Sentiment needs now to defend one of its last devices—the fan in the hands of the pretty girl—says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald. Behold, the spirit of utility, seeking new fields for the exercise of its powers, has invaded the field of the fan. It has set up as a rival of the lacy, silken implement of feminine hypnotism, that has served the gentler sex through untold ages, a mechanical device of brass, steel and wood, a thing that to the accompani-



THE COLD AIR FAN.

ment of a low buzzing provides a gratifying and steady draft of cool air and bearing the name of the cold air fan.

The cold air fan physically suggests a cross between an egg beater and a machine for strengthening the hands of a pugilist. One might almost suspect that the inventor had set out to make an egg beater and been diverted, as an afterthought, to the fan idea by the prospects of greater financial gain in that direction. It is said that in the very short time since the fan was placed upon the market over 4,000 of them have been sold.

The makers say it will throw a current of air as far as an electric fan of like size, which is easily credible when they add the further information that the blades of the wheel can be made to reach a speed of 4,000 revolutions a minute. It works by compressing in the hand the handles of the scissorslike arrangement that forms its framework. A ratchet and a couple of cogwheels transmit the motion to the fan, both blades of which are detachable in order to be backed in small compass.

Bricks From Coke Ashes.

The manufacture of coke ash brick is a very simple one. The ashes are carefully reduced to a fine powder, mixed with one-tenth part of slaked lime and after the addition of water kneaded until the mass forms a stiff paste. Then it is treated like ordinary clay and formed into bricks by the use of suitable presses. The bricks are then stacked, protected from rain and dried in the air. No artificial heat is required. The air dried bricks are very hard and make excellent building material.

Jay Gould's First Trade.

Two boys who became distinguished in widely different ways were Jay Gould, the multimillionaire, and John Burroughs, the naturalist. They attended together the humble school in Roxbury, N. Y. John loved books, and Jason was fond of making trades. Young Gould had some books which his school fellow wanted very much to own. The more Burroughs thought about the coveted books and more diligently he strove to save up his pennies. Finally he had 80 cents hoarded. Taking his wealth to Gould he found that thrifty young gentleman quite willing to do business. The books were traded off for the money—mostly big copper pennies—and both boys were made happy. Mr. Burroughs never regretted his end of the bargain.—Success.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story, told in a different strain;
Sometimes a smile of gladness and then a stab of pain;
Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue;
Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue;
Sometimes false as satan, sometimes as heaven true.

Only the same old story, but, oh, how the changes ring!
Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and king;
Sometimes the warmest hand clasp leaves in the palm a sting.

Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the midday strife,
Sometimes with dovelike calmness, sometimes with passion rife,
We dream it, write it, live it, this weird, wild story of life.

—Pearson's Weekly.

CONKLING'S GREATEST EFFORT.

Where the Famous Senator Made the Speech of His Life.

"The best political fighting is done in a convention where there is stubborn opposition," said an old delegate to many national gatherings. "The most effective oratory is heard where speakers realize that they must be convincing. The difference in the speeches of Conkling and Garfield in the Chicago convention was as marked as the personality of the men themselves. And yet undoubtedly each man caused intelligent and conservative delegates to halt in their opinions. Conkling, in nominating Grant, aroused the convention and the galleries to the summit of enthusiasm. It seemed as if it could never be subdued. The speech of Garfield, in which he presented the name of Sherman, had, however, exactly that effect. It was necessary that it should be so in order to quiet the tumult started by Conkling.

"Great as Conkling's speech is conceded to have been, the convention and the galleries did not hear his greatest effort, and unfortunately there is no record of it. It was unwritten. The day before the ballot there was a meeting of the 306, as the Grant phalanx is known in political history. Some attempts had been made to break it. Strong overtures had been presented to several of the 306. The meeting to which I refer was held in a room under the roof of the hotel. We met there secretly. We were pledged to say nothing to others about our caucus. It was a hot day, and a skylight was opened to admit air. Mr. Conkling got up to make his last talk to the 306 before they went to the convention. It was not a speech to convince those who heard it. There was no occasion for that. But it was intended as a warning against threatened combinations, and a reassertion of fealty to our candidate. Conkling was at his best, and I had seen him under all circumstances.

"Just as he was beginning there was a disturbance on the roof. A reporter who had got an inkling of the meeting had crawled up there and flattened himself so that he might hear the proceedings. A party of linemen on the roof at the same time, but ignorant of the meeting below or of the reporter's presence at the skylight, came along, and the reporter, thinking they were after him, skedaddled. It was this disturbance that caused Conkling to stop, and then the skylight was closed. The incident had no effect upon Conkling's effort, but it prevented the reporter from shorthanding what we all conceded to be a much greater effort than the one made by Conkling the night he placed Grant in nomination. I know this is saying a good deal, but I heard both, as did 305 others, and our opinion on the speech in the hotel room was unanimous. Several times a number of us asked Conkling to write the speech he made in the room, but he always replied that it couldn't be done; that it was an inspiration and that inspirations never repeated themselves."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Brougham's Joke.

Lord Brougham was the author of a rather sharp practical joke, the victim being the London Times. The editor of that paper was a particular enemy of the great statesman, and it occurred to the latter that it would be a good joke to give out that he was dead and see what kind of obituary notice the great London newspaper would give.

Lord Brougham was traveling in the provinces at the time, and the report of his death was soon circulated. A representative of The Times called at his lordship's residence to verify the rumor. There he was assured the report was indeed true and in proof was shown the coffin and pall, which had already been laid out.

The next day The Times appeared with a notice of Brougham's death, in which the statesman's life and character were depicted in the most virulent terms. It was very small satisfaction to Lord Brougham when, a few days later, he exacted an abject apology from the editor.—Chambers' Journal.

A Nervy Publisher.

In the "Personal Recollections of Sutherland Edwards," English music critic, the author tells of Tinsley, the publisher, who "came up to London in a billycock hat on the top of a hay cart." He proposed to begin as a publisher by buying a book from Miss Braddon and offered her £1,000 for it. Unfortunately, he had not any money, so he went to some paper makers, told them that he had made a contract with Miss Braddon, and they agreed to give him credit for the paper.

Then he went to a large firm of printers and said that the paper makers would furnish the paper, and he would be glad if they would undertake the printing. This they agreed to do, whereupon he returned to the paper makers and borrowed the money to pay Miss Braddon. The novel in question was "Lady Audley's Secret."

A Chemical Life Preserver.

Professor Sharpnel's plan is to inclose in an airtight rubber vest some calcium carbide and also in a separate receptacle a little water which by a special contrivance may be liberated. Such a garment may be worn without inconvenience at all times, and in case of need it can be inflated by causing acetylene gas to be generated in its interior.

Will Cheapen Gas.

A method for producing illuminating gas and coal gas at an expense of 4 cents a thousand feet has been discovered. It is thought that this will effect a revolution by cheapening electric power, and it will also have an important bearing on the production of open hearth steel.

THE YOUNG GAMBLER.

He Had an Even Chance, but Fate Was Against Him.

I remember one handsome young follow whom I used to meet occasionally on the staircase who captured my youthful fancy. I met him only at midday, as he did not rise till late, and this fact, with a certain scrupulous elegance and neatness in his dress, ought to have made me suspect that he was a gambler. In my inexperience it only invested him with a certain romantic mystery.

One morning as I was going out to my very early breakfast at a cheap Italian cafe on Long wharf I was surprised to find him also descending the staircase. He was scrupulously dressed even at that early hour, but I was struck by the fact that he was all in black, and his slight figure, buttoned to the throat in a tightly fitting frock coat, gave, I fancied, a singular melancholy to his pale southern face.

Nevertheless he greeted me with more than his usual serene cordiality, and I remembered that he looked up with a half puzzled, half amused expression at the rosy morning sky as he walked a few steps with me down the deserted street. I could not help saying that I was astonished to see him up so early, and he admitted that it was a break in his usual habits, but added, with a smiling significance I afterward remembered, that it was "an even chance if he did it again."

As we neared the street corner a man in a buggy drove up impatiently. In spite of the driver's evident haste my handsome acquaintance got in leisurely and, lifting his glossy hat to me with a pleasant smile, was driven away. I have a very lasting recollection of his face and figure as the buggy disappeared down the empty street. I never saw him again. It was not until a week later that I knew that an hour after he left me that morning he was lying dead in a little hollow behind the Mission Dolores, shot through the heart in a duel for which he had arisen so early.—Bret Harte's "Under the Redwoods."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cover sandwiches that are not to be served at once with a damp napkin and bowl.

To clean a kitchen table rub the greasy stains with lemon juice, and they will speedily disappear.

Whiting mixed with alcohol is excellent for cleaning silver and will give a much more brilliant polish than if water is used.

A small flat paint brush has a value in cleaning the corners of the window sash. Hot, sharp vinegar will clean off paint spatters, and turpentine will remove putty.

The small stiff vegetable brushes that are so convenient in cleaning potatoes, etc., are useful in housecleaning time for scrubbing the moldings and corners of the woodwork.

Loosely twisted knitting silk is better for darning woolen underwear than wool, which is apt to shrink. If the threads of the darn are left loose, after washing it will have about the same appearance as the original texture.

If articles of decidedly strong flavor have been chopped in a wooden bowl, sometimes washing will not be sufficient to entirely remove taste and odor. In that case fill the bowl with warm borax water and let stand half an hour; then rinse in cold water and put in the sun.

The first street lighting in this country was done in New York in 1697.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

Not Always Safe to Trace Your Forbears Back For Many Years.

Not long since an acquaintance of mine said to me with an air of pride: "I can trace back my ancestry to my great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather. He was a cavalier and fought under Charles I."

"And what does that amount to?" I answered him. "That was the eighth generation before you, and in that generation you had 128 forefathers and 128 foremothers, just 1-256 of your ancestry in that generation. Among the 127 men of whom you have never heard there may have been several who were hanged for murder, burglary or sheep stealing, for all that you know or can ever hope to know. And you must remember, too, that you had 64 foremothers in the seventh generation and 32 in the fifth, all of them nearer to you than that cavalier; you must account for them as well."

Yet of course one should be glad that his near lineal and collateral kin have been and are honest men and virtuous women, but a line must be drawn somewhere, and that not many generations back, beyond which there is no such thing as good birth or bad birth, because it is all both good and bad. When any one begins to boast that he comes of "a long line of proud ancestry," he can be contradicted at once, because there is no such thing as "a long line of ancestry;" one's ancestry cannot be represented by a "line," but by an inverted pyramid.

Every one of us comes one by one, but of many hundreds and thousands of long lines of ancestry, some of them proud perhaps, and others with no cause for pride, but rather the reverse. It will not do to try to follow them all too far back. Some one of the many will surely lead to a dungeon of the Newgate prison, or it may be to the Tyburn gallows tree. We cannot pin our faith to the one cavalier and ignore all the others, as my friend was trying to do, because it is nature's plan that all the good and all the bad of the race should be mixed up in each one of us.—Leslie's Popular Monthly.

How the Captain Settled Accounts.

In Burnaby's "Travels In America In 1759," a book quite popular during the latter part of the eighteenth century, the following incident is related:

The captain of a British man-of-war cruising off the Massachusetts coast left his wife in Boston. On one of his visits to port she came down to the wharf to meet him, and she was saluted as a true and loving sailor's wife deserved. This violation of law was at once reported, and the captain was brought before the magistrate and sentenced to be publicly whipped. There was no getting out of it, and the captain submitted quite gracefully.

Just before the departure of his ship he gave an elaborate entertainment, to which all of the magistrates were invited. After the festivities were over and every one had shaken hands with the captain and was going over the side the magistrates were seized by the arm and stripped to the waist. Each one was led to the gangway, where a vigorous boatswain gave him 39 lashes on the bare back and then hustled him over into a boat amid the cheers of the whole ship's company.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Happy, Though Married.

A southern lady met a colored widow gaudily attired laughing and talking and seemingly in the best of spirits.

"Why, Lizzie," said the lady, stopping the horse she was driving, "how is it that you are so cheerful when your husband died only three weeks ago?"

"Lor, Miss Mary," returned the widow, with a broad grin, "ev'ybody know there ain' no happiness in married life till one ob 'em's done 'ceasted."—Harper's Magazine.

The dulcimer, in almost exactly the form in which it is known today, has been in use in Persia and Arabia from time immemorial. It was probably introduced into Europe during the crusades.

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South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

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AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Sign the Fire District petition.

Keep your hose ready for use.

Keep a sharp lookout for fire.

Fortunately the 4th passed without a fire.

Two new flats to rent. Inquire at Postoffice.

Remember we have neither hose nor a hose company.

Dr. Plymire returned from his camping vacation at La Honda on Monday.

Mr. Frank Martin of Omaha is visiting his brother, Mr. W. J. Martin of this town.

Miss Lyllyn S. Brown has returned home after visiting her cousin Mrs. A. Jenevein at San Bruno.

Mrs. G. C. Ripley has let a contract to L. Medus for a new five-room modern cottage on Commercial avenue.

W. F. Bailey has just completed painting the exterior of the residence of Mr. D. O. Dgagett on Miller avenue.

Mr. Gold Frost of New York City and Mr. J. L. Kennedy of Omaha were guests this week of Mr. W. J. Martin.

On Sunday Mr. John Gindorf and Miss Anderson of San Francisco were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

The Board of Supervisors will meet again next Monday to hear and decide applications for reduction in assessments.

Frank Miner has completed the road from the San Bruno road to the Tanforan race track. The road is well graded and macadamized.

The Spring Valley Water Company is at it again spending its money in San Mateo county. This time it is a matter of some 7000 feet of sewer pipe at Millbrae.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

The Misses Trinie and Matilda Silva of San Bruno attended the wedding reception of their friends, Dr. and Mrs. John Quigley in San Francisco on July 4th. Mrs. Quigley was formerly Miss Evelyn Hanbrich, an old friend and schoolmate of the Misses Silva.

Miss Clara Schutt left on Tuesday on her return to Santa Rosa after spending some two weeks very pleasantly visiting her brother, Max and Mr. and Mrs. Karbe, besides many old friends. Miss Clara is held in great respect and esteem by all who know her.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms. *

On Wednesday George Kneese sailed from San Francisco on the German steamer, his destination being Germany. The steamer will touch at various ports on the way. Young George will make his home for a time with his father's brother in Germany and attend a German school.

There will be a joint installation of the officers of the Woodmen of the World and Women of Woodcraft in I. O. O. F. Hall this evening. Vella Flora Circle and Progress Camp of South San Francisco will be present, as will be State Organizer Temple and District Organizer Ledford.—Leader, San Mateo.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building. *

FOURTH OF JULY NOTES OBSERVED BY THE SAN BRUNO ROAD SCRIBE.

There were no fires and only one fight.

The bands did their duty well and played on schedule time, but the music seemed to be at the wrong place at the wrong time. This was due to the fact that the sports and the fighters did not act on schedule time, and when the fight was going on near the shell mound the band was playing near The Real Thing.

Smith, "The King of the Wharf" with his usual good humor, made a jovial effort to pitch Bob Vickers into the bay.

L. L. Smith of the Sierra Point, almost saw his finish on the night of the Glorious Fourth, but he made himself generally useful during the day and saw to it that the sports and games were conducted in proper style.

Not until something loomed up suddenly in the far-off horizon, which was not a skyrocket," did Leo make his escape.

One of the most interesting incidents on the San Bruno road on the 4th happened to an automobile, owned by no one knows who, and run by a Mr. Pinhead. Mr. Pinhead evidently has taken a course of instruction in handling the automobile, as he impressed the bystanders forcibly with the fact, and he must have become quite expert at it or else would not have been able to procure this one. Mr. Pinhead started from San Francisco early in the morning and intended to have lunch at San Jose. He was seen gliding past the Six-mile House and on down past the wheelmens' exchange, but the attractions of the day at The Real Thing were too many for Mr. Pinhead and he forgot that his steed might need water. The consequence was that the steed famished and stalled. Some of the pipes were melted and those left were roasted to a beautiful brown. The cost to repair the machine will probably reach one hundred dollars. Whether this case can be classed as a practical test of the horseless machine will be left to the opinion of the reader.

Mr. Markt received on Monday, July 8, a telegram which made him smile all over. This is it:

Leave San Antonio on 8th inst.; meet me at Oakland Mole 11th inst. 8 o'clock sharp. Your Mother.

Mr. Markt will be there.

NOTICE.

To the Members of the South San Francisco Rochdale Company:

I herewith give notice that I have resigned my position as president of the above company and also cease to be a member of the said association from July 9, 1901.

GEORGE YOUNG.

NOTICE.

There will be services at Grace Mission next Sunday morning. Sermon and Holy Communion by Rev. Dr. Jenks of San Francisco, after which will be administered the rite of baptism. All are invited; seats are free.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR RENT.

House of five rooms with a large barn, large chicken house, and all fenced, with water. Will rent land with premises if desired. Very good for chicken ranch. Inquire of John Mangini, 16-Mile House, near Millbrae.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, $10; upper flat, $12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

AN EFFECTIVE REBUKE.

How General Lee Got an Exposed Point Properly Fortified.

The late Major General Harry Heth was the only man in the Confederate army whom General Lee called by his first name. Lee addressed even his two sons as "General." Heth had been the friend of his youth, and Lee loved and trusted him profoundly. Yet his love did not cause the commander in chief of the Confederate army for a moment to forget his duty, as is shown by an incident described in The Century.

One day before Petersburg Lee rode up to Heth's tent and said, "Harry, I should like to ride down your line."

Heth was much flattered at the proposal, and as they rode side by side he pointed out positions of danger and vantage. Suddenly they came upon a place of much importance where for several hundred yards there were no fortifications. Surprised, Lee turned to his friend for an explanation. Heth said that he had ordered defenses for this spot and had supposed them finished.

"See that they are completed at once, Harry," said Lee, and, turning his horse, he rode back to headquarters.

After a few days the general again appeared at Heth's tent with the same proposal, and the delighted officer sprang to his horse. Arrived at the ill fated spot, to Heth's dismay, it was found still open. Without a word Lee turned toward his tent, motioning Heth to follow. Dismounting, the commander in chief seated himself, and the subordinate stood, wondering what his punishment would be. Lee spoke in his kindest tones.

"Harry," he said, "that horse your wife rides worries me more than I can tell. He kicks and fights the bit till I fear he will either break her delicate wrists or pull her arms out of their sockets. Now the best way to take the edge off a nervous horse is to give him plenty of exercise—regular exercise—morning and night, until he quiets down. For the sake of your wife as well as yourself, I beg you to make the experiment, and I know of no better place for you to ride the horse while taming him than just up and down in front of that gap I ordered you to have closed until a good breastwork has been completed. Good evening, sir."

The rebuke was given kindly, even affectionately; yet the recipient declared that he never slept a wink that night, and for days afterward felt as if he had been beaten with a club.

There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom, but truth forgives no insult and endures no stain.

The disagreeable person generally prides himself or herself on not being a hypocrite.—Indianapolis Journal.

ITS BED IS QUICKSAND.

The Canadian River Is a Treacherous Stream to Ford.

The Canadian river, which is one of the worst quicksand streams in the southwest, is for that reason one of the greatest sources of loss and annoyance to the cowmen who have cattle anywhere along the 400 and odd miles of its course. Thousands of cattle are lost in its "bogs" every year, and thousands of dollars are spent in trying to keep the losses down to as few head as possible, and besides annoying the cowmen it is a source of danger and expense to the railroad companies that have bridges crossing its treacherous bed. It is the bugbear and horror, too, of every newcomer who has to cross it on horseback or in a wagon, and at certain seasons even the men who know it thoroughly fear to attempt crossing at the safest fords. Many a brave fellow has won himself the respect of all the country for swimming it when there was need, and again many a brave fellow has been lost in it; drowned in the water and swallowed by the sands.

Occasionally it is necessary to get across with a wagon when the flood is running, as where a trail outfit have cattle to deliver and cannot wait for the water to run down. In this event the herd is driven across, and if there are 1,000 head or more they will pack the sand solid enough to make the passage of the wagon safe, provided, of course, the water is not too deep. But in any event as soon as the herd is on the other side the cowboys all hurry back to the wagon and, tying their ropes either to it or to the teams hitched to it, give the word to the teamster and dash in at a run, yelling and shooting to frighten their horses, while he whoops and whips at his mules and the big wagon bounds along, now nearly upsetting over the uneven places in the channel, now sinking to the bed in the water and swinging down stream with the current, but always moving rapidly over the course the cattle made for it.

If a mule goes down in the harness, there is no help for him, for it would be folly to stop the wagon. It would sink to the axles in half a minute, and in another the box would be washed away. If the animal can get to his feet, good enough, but if he cannot there are his three fellows to pull him and the wagon, without counting the dozen or more trained rope horses that are each capable of pulling and are pulling 500 or 600 pounds apiece. If there should be a bad tangle, so that the wagon has to be abandoned, the boys will stay with it to the last. They will swing down in their saddles among the struggling, floundering mules and cut and slash to free them from the harness, but finally, when they have to give it up, they try, if there is time, to get their bedding out of the wagon and, swinging it across the saddles, ride on out to the herd. The teamster, having no horse, catches a rope and is glad to have one of the boys drag him out. As he is also the cook and consequently to blame for the mishap, the fellow who has the privilege of dragging him makes the most of his opportunity. However, if no trouble occurs, they never think they have done anything more than a very mean job, which to them has no pleasing aspect whatever.—Tascosa (Tex.) Cor. Chicago Record.

Bad Drawing.

In a famous cartoon of Mr. Tenniel's there occurs a sketch of a huge open jawed crocodile, with an undulating, prominently outlined tongue, looking fat and tempting as are the sheep's tongues one sees exposed in well conducted ham and beef shop windows. It is readily admitted and naturalists tell us (I have seen crocodiles in their native haunts, but never close enough to allow opportunity for examining their tongues) the ugly beast in question possesses an apology for that member, but it is so closely attached to the sides of the lipless mouth that when the jaws are extended no sort of tongue whatever is observable. It was the artist's distinct mistake of showing a prominent tongue in a position where none is seen.

Let me record two instances of what in the drawing of animals have been very notable examples. I refer to the back leg of the elephant.

In Mantegna's magnificent series of cartoons the hind leg of the elephant in the second picture is hocked the wrong way.

Further, it may not be generally known that the earliest instance in the world of an elephant carved in wood is upon a misericord in Exeter cathedral. It is of oak and forms one of the series of 50 carved misereres by Bishop Bruere (A. D. 1224-44). This particular elephant is carved with its hind legs hocked like a dog instead of being kneed like a Christian.—Notes and Queries.

Surprise Dishes.

The Romans were very fond of surprise dishes, such as pigs stuffed with live thrushes, and, to anticipate a little, this taste descended so near our own times as the reign of Charles II, as witness a recipe of that date for making two pies which were to be served together, one containing live birds and the other live frogs. When the latter was opened, "out skip the frogs, which make the ladies to shriek and skip," while the birds when released were to add to the general confusion by flying at the candles and putting out the lights. A dish of peacock was a favorite plate at Rome and was served at the beginning of dinner. The bird, having first been done to death by stifling, was then skinned; the inside was filled with the flesh of other birds and the whole sewed together and finally sent in to table affixed to a small branch as if alive.—Chambers' Journal.

A Mystery Solved.

An old sea captain who had navigated his ship many times round the world persisted in maintaining that our globe is not a globe at all, but a flat surface. No arguments, derisive or painstakingly educational, could alter his opinion one jot. Some one said to him once:

"But if the earth is as you say, captain, there must be an edge to it. How is it that no one has ever tumbled over the edge?"

"Why, of course they have," he answered triumphantly. "That's where the ships go that are reported 'missing.'"

Southern Moonshiners.

The great majority of moonshiners are to be found in the mountain fastnesses of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, and here they live in conditions of civilization as crude as their ancestors, most of whom were English fugitives from justice who reached this country more than a century ago. Indeed, in many respects these descendants have retrograded rather than advanced. Had they been surrounded for a century by a Chinese wall they could not have been more destitute or ignorant of the modern conveniences.

The Widow Was Comforted.

"There is no accounting for the construction which some people will put upon certain passages of Scripture," remarked a clergyman. "I remember the story of one clergyman who went to call on a woman whose husband had recently died. He had expected, quite naturally, to find her heartbroken with the burden of her sorrow and was greatly surprised when she greeted him with a very happy smile and ushered him into the parlor.

"'Well—er—sister,' he said at length, 'you have my warmest sympathy.'

"'Thank you, doctor,' replied the widow casually. 'I did feel very badly—very badly indeed. But I came across a verse of Scripture which comforted me very much indeed.'

"'And what was the verse, sister?' inquired the clergyman.

"'I don't remember just where to find it,' replied the widow, 'but it was made up of only four words—four helpful words—'Why need I care?'"—Brooklyn Citizen.

When a busy man has time to think about it, he wonders how the idle people with no means of support manage to dress so well.—Atchison Globe.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Being offered freely and prices are lower.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ℔ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Steers, 8¼c; 2d quality, 8c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7c; thin Cows, 5@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6⅜@6½; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5¾@6c; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4@4¼c; Ewes, 3¼@3¾c. Suckling Lambs, $2.50@3 per head; or 4½@5c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5½@6c; over 250 lbs, 4¾@5c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7c; second quality, 6½@6¾c; first quality cows and heifers, 6½c; second quality, 6c; third quality, 5½c.

VEAL—Large, 7@8c; small, good, 9@9½c; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7@8c; Ewes, 6½@7½c; Suckling Lambs, 8½@9c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9@9½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13½c; picnic hams, 10½c; Atlanta ham, 10½c; New York, shoulder, 10¼c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15½c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon clear, 12½c; clear light, bacon, 13½c; clear ex. light bacon, 14½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $11.00; do, hf-bbl, $5.75; Family Beef, bbl, $10.50; hf-bbl, $5.50; Extra Mess, bbl, $10.50; do, hf-bbl, $5.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 11¼c; do, Bellies, 11½c; Extra Clear, bbls., $22.50; hf-bbls., $11.50, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., $4.75; do, kits; $1.25.

LARD—Prices are ℔ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	7½	7¾	7¾	7⅞	8¼	8⅜
Cal. pure	10½	10¾	10¾	10⅞	11¼	11⅜

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.50; 1s $1.40; Roast Beef, 2s $2.50; 1s, $1.40.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—

Ward, Sweeney & Co.

(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

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309 and 311 THIRD STREET,

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Monthly Payments $14.15 per $1000

No advance premium charged. Book value of shares allowed in payment of loans, and re-payment accepted at any time.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City.

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

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Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

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OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.

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First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer AND Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

South San Francisco, Cal.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

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The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

FARMING NOT SO BAD.

I've bin readin' in the papers
  How big fortunes have bin made
By puttin' cash in futures—
  It put farmin' in the shade.

It seemed as though 'twas easy
  Jes' to pile up heaps o' gold—
Accordin' to the papers
  An' the stories that they told.

Some fellers made a million
  In the blinkin' of an eye,
An' since money's made so easy,
  I made up my min' to try.

I've bin lookin' up the matter,
  But no one jes' seems to know
Why the fellers that has futures
  Seemed so anxious to let go.

An' when I got mos' ready
  Jes' to go into it blind,
The market up an' busted,
  An' some folks come out behind.

So I'm goin' to stay at farmin',
  Keep a peggin' right away,
An' when the sun is shinin'
  You'll still find me makin' hay.

Farm work ain't so awful easy
  Er excitin', I'll admit,
But then, you're middlin' certain
  To git profits out of it.

MRS. BARRY'S HEARING

"MY!" exclaimed old Mrs. Barry, as with the freedom of one privileged, she walked without knocking into the bright and cozy kitchen of Miss Mora Minturn, "whatever does smell so good? Seems," with another sniff, "as ef it might be chili sauce."

Miss Minturn, in a trim gown of dark-blue print, protected by a great "bib" apron of turkey-red calico, nodded and smiled as she placed a chair for her unceremonious visitor.

As a rule, people in Tattleton were averse to exercising their lungs for the benefit of Mrs. Barry. It was almost impossible to make her hear, and if you succeeded in doing so, you were more liable to be misunderstood.

"Are you goin' to eat all that yourself this winter?" demanded the newcomer with her blinking eyes fixed on the big granite kettle two-thirds filled with the pungent, crimson, appetizing mixture.

Miss Minturn felt that a nod and veracity would now be at variance, so she turned toward her questioner and called out loud and clear:

"No. Most of this is for a person who has such an attack of rheumatism she could not pick up the tomatoes and onions and peppers and put them up herself."

Mrs. Barry continued to look at her blankly and inquiringly. Mora Minturn went up close to her.

"Part of the sauce," she exclaimed, close up to the ear of her guest, "is for Mary Ann Cotter, who lives in the Hollow."

"I should think his help could do that much cookin' for him!" declared the old lady. "He keeps enough of 'em. I allus wondered, More—seein' as how the talk has kinder got around to it—what for was the reason you and Marion Potter, of the Hall, didn't get married years ago, seein' you was sparkin' so long."

Mora smiled as she noticed how the old woman had confounded the two names, which, until this moment, had never struck her as being similar.

"I said Mary Ann Cotter, of the Hollow, Mrs. Barry!" she shouted.

The old woman flung up her hands with a gesture of irritation.

"I'm a little hard o' hearin', I allow, but I ain't so deaf that I ain't heered what you said. Some o' that there good-smellin' chili sauce is for Marion Potter, of the Hall. Now you see."

Miss Minturn smiled as she went back to the stove and fished her net bag of whole spices out of the thick red compound. It was useless to impress the truth on convinced Mrs. Barry. But she made her a cup of tea and brought out some snowy tea cakes for her delectation, and listened patiently and with apparent interest to her babble, until the prosy soul took it into her head to depart and hobbled off down the white, winding road.

A serious look came into Mora Minturn's face as she went on sealing up her chili sauce in the little wide-mouthed jars she had saved for the purpose.

Marion Potter! So people had not forgotten about her engagement to him twelve years ago. What was the foolish trifle about which they had quarreled? And she had sent him back his ring with a few bitter words expressive of her satisfaction at having discovered her mistake in time.

She had been wrong—all wrong. She had other suitors after that, to be sure, but she had found herself comparing them to Marion Potter, invariably to their detriment, and had discouraged all such attentions. And now that her mother was dead, and the boys were gone and married, and she lived alone in the cozy little homestead with only the orphan nephew she was bringing up, she found it lonely at times—very lonely.

Walking across the kitchen, she regarded her reflection in the little walnut-bound mirror that hung near the window. The face that looked back at her was fresh, unwrinkled and pink-cheeked, despite her thirty-six years. Her simple, active, kindly life had kept her youthful in mind and body. But she sighed as she turned away.

At that hour Marion Potter, stalwart, brown-bearded, gallant of bearing, was riding a black horse slowly homeward through the mellow sunset light. Many a maiden had sent him shy glances of admiration—many who would have been honored by his homage since those old days when he was known as the lover of Mora Minturn. But he was not the man to give his heart twice nor to a woman the injustice of offering her mere affection. So, surrounded by his books and dogs, he lived out his own life at his beautiful home on the hill.

"Hello! Look out!" he cried, suddenly reining up. "By George, but I nearly rode over you!"

The old woman coming toward him, who had so unexpectedly darted forward almost under his horse's hoofs, lifted a complaisant countenance, framed in by an antiquated poke bonnet, as she demanded:

"Don't you want to hire my sister Jane's Eliza, Mr. Potter?"

"No!" roared Marion Potter, who was aware that she was a little deafer than the proverbial post. "Why should I? I have three servants now."

Mrs. Barry comprehended, for she went on persistently.

"But Jane's Eliza can cook, Mr. Potter. An' if you take her, you wouldn't have to be havin' your chili sauce made out by Mora Minturn.

Mr. Potter gave a start.

"Eh? Steady, Kate! What are you talking about, Mrs. Barry?"

Mrs. Barry did not hear him. She mumbled on, however, and he listened.

"Says I to her, when I happened in there just now, 'Be you goin' to eat all the chili sauce yourself this winter?' An' she lowed that she was makin' some of it for you. Now, if your help ain't able to do that much without your given' it out, I jist think it 'ud pay you to have Jane's Eliza to do your cookin'."

Mr. Potter nodded leniently. He swerved his horse to one side, smiled back at Mrs. Barry and rode on. Mora Minturn unconsciously filling his thoughts.

Of course there was a mistake somewhere. But chili sauce. He could not remember when he had tasted it. To be sure, his housekeeper was not an adept at preparing table delicacies.

When he turned his horse's head out of the road leading to the hill and rode down that which led to the Minturn homestead he could not have told to save his life. Indeed he was not aware that he had done so till the tempting odor of sliced tomatoes assailed his nostrils, and at the same second he caught sight of Miss Minturn in her garden, snipping away at some belated blossoms of marigold, phlox, honeysuckle and mignonette.

So familiar the scene! So sweet and peaceful the place! So suggestive of home the trim form moving among the withered bushes! Could it be that twelve years have elapsed since he came here to visit his sweetheart? He swung down, secured Kate to the post, and walked up the path.

"Mora!" he said as he neared her.

She straightened up. Her garnered spoils fell from her apron. The pink in her cheeks deepened. She felt distinctly glad that she had put on her new maroon house gown.

"I met old Mrs. Barry a little while ago," he went on hastily. "She said you were putting up some chili sauce for me."

"Oh, did she say that? I could not make her understand that it was for old Mrs. Cotter—Mary Ann Cotter, of the Hollow."

"I say!" called a boyish voice, "that you, Mr. Potter? Never knew you to come up here before. Say, that setter you gave me is a daisy. Are you going to stay to supper? Is he, Aunt Mora?" coaxingly.

"If—he will."

"Of course he will," decided the unconventional nephew of Miss Minturn. "Come and see my safety."

He dragged his captive off in triumph. Such a supper as Mora got up in a short space "might tempt a dying anchorite to eat." The crisp broiled chicken, with the tiny transparent rolls of bacon surrounding it; the brown French potatoes, piping hot; the light, spicy gingerbread, the feathery biscuit, the old-fashioned strawberry preserves, the fresh-brewed fragrant tea.

Dick did most of the talking at supper—there was no doubt of that. But when Mora walked down to the gate with Mr. Potter, about 9 o'clock, he had two jars of the chili sauce, which at supper he had so praised, under his arm.

"Mora," he said, "I've seldom seen you for several years, although we have lived so near together. I am glad of this chance to say how sorry I have often been for my dictatorial tone that time, years ago. I was wholly in the wrong."

"No—I was too self-concentrated. It was I who was in the wrong"

"Mora, is it too late to forgive, forget and amend now?"

She held out her hand to him. He had to put two jars of chili sauce down on the gate post to take them. Kate neighed impatiently. Dick called from the lighted doorway. Around the reunited lovers closed the darkness, sweet with a thousand delicious autumnal scents.

"Guess, Aunt Mora," grunted Dick, disdainfully, next morning, "Mr. Potter didn't care much for your chili sauce, for all he begged for it so much. He went last night and left the jars standing on the gate post."—Vick's Magazine.

Steel of High Quality.

The high quality of Swedish steel was strikingly illustrated at a recent exhibition. A steel ribbon, cold-rolled, was twined like a silken band about one of the pavilions, the length of this monster tape being 2,354 feet, its width 8 inches, and its weight 1,146 pounds.

The repartee you think of when it is everlastingly too late to work off may save you a friend.

AGE OF MECHANISM.

WHAT THE PAST CENTURY HAS DONE FOR MAN'S COMFORT.

A Hundred Years of Invention, Whereby Conditions of Life Have Been Radically Changed—Wonderful Strides Made by Steam and Electricity.

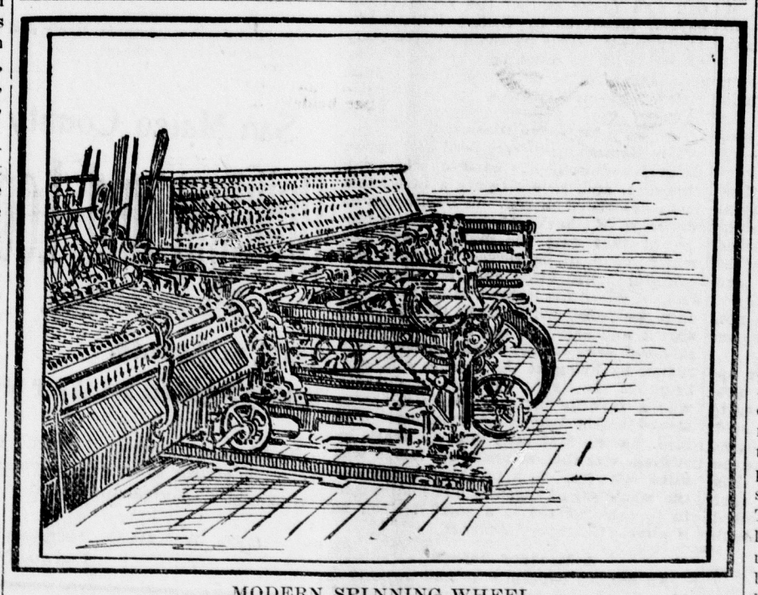
This has been a most materialistic century, an age of mechanism. We have progressed wonderfully in our capacity for luxury, extravagance, comfort. A hundred years ago, our forebears were content to live by hand, as it were; now we live chiefly by complicated machinery. A century of progress has created demands which forced the dormant inventive skill of the world to put forth its best efforts. The world has made more progress in material things in the last hundred years than it did in all the centuries preceding. Civilized man's mode of existence has been totally altered by his inventions.

OLD STYLE OF SPINNING.

The world has gone patent mad. In the United States alone there were 623,535 patents granted in the sixty-two years from 1837 to 1898. During its existence the patent office has received more than $40,000,000 in fees. On carriages and wagons, more than 20,000 patents have been granted; on stoves and furnaces, 18,000; on lamps, gas fittings, harvesters, boots and shoes and receptacles for storing, 10,000 each. The total of patents for the civilized world is easily twice that of the United States. Thanks to these hundreds of thousands of contrivances, what were luxuries to our forebears of 1800 are commonplaces of existence to all classes, rich and poor, in 1900.

Distance Overcome.

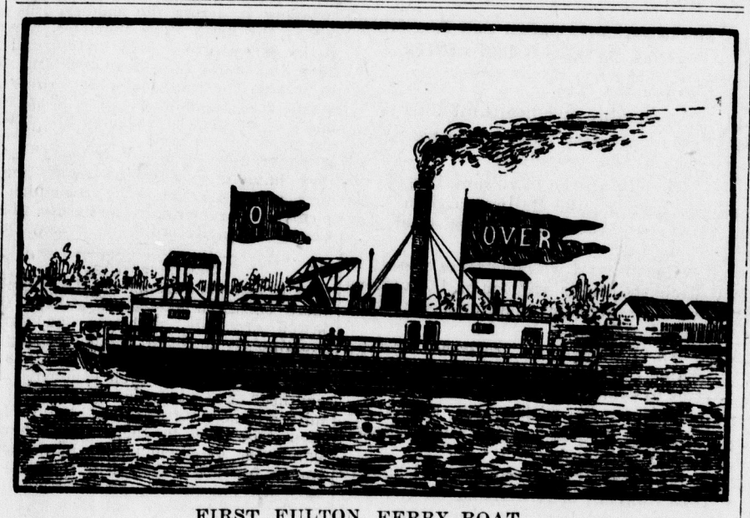
With the invention of the steam engine the world shunk at a bound to a twentieth of its former size. Its vast distances ceased to be formidable. Where the lumbering stage coach or the plodding caravan took weeks the flying express covers the distance in a few hours. The trip across this continent used to be a matter of life and death. Now it is a matter of $100, and take your ease as you go. Without the railroad a close-knit nation thousands of miles broad, such as this country, would have been an impossibility. In 1825 the first steam railroad was opened between Stockton and Darlington, England. A year later a similar experiment was tried at Quincy, Mass., where the engine hauled stone for a distance of four miles. The first passenger road in this country was the Baltimore and Ohio, opened in 1830 with a mileage of fourteen miles. To-day there are 210,906 miles of railroad in this country; 163,216 in Europe; 26,834 in South America; 31,102 in Asia; 9,978 in Africa, and 14,384 in Australasia.



MODERN SPINNING WHEEL.

Early in the history of railroading twelve miles an hour was considered recklessly fast. In January, 1899, a train on the Burlington route, in a run from Sliding to Arion, 2.4 miles, did the distance in one minutes and twenty seconds, or at the rate of 108 miles an hour. The Empire State express made a record of 112 miles an hour in May, 1893.

Marine travel did not make so wonderful an advance in speed, through the agency of steam, as did land travel, but the progress in comfort and safety was greater. In 1790 John Fitch constructed a steamboat—and was considered a raving lunatic. This opinion was confirmed when his experiment proved a failure. Seventeen years later, Robert Fulton, another so-called visionary, backed by Joel Barlow and Robert T. Livingston, built the steamboat Clermont. She was soon dubbed "Fulton's Folly," and when she started for Albany on August 11, 1807, all New York was out to witness her failure. She went to Albany in the astonishing time of thirty-two hours, returning in two hours less. Now, when a gigantic ocean lines, with lifeboats as large as the Clermont, crosses the Atlantic in less than six days, we read the news in a bored sort of way, displeased that steamers should be so slow. Fulton's experiment led, years later, to the building of the Savannah, which actually crossed the Atlantic to the great astonishment of the entire world.



FIRST FULTON FERRY BOAT.

Communication between man and man was as expensive as it was slow in the old days. It cost a shilling to get a letter anywhere when the century began, and a shilling in those days represented far more than it now does. Now two cents will carry a letter to the Philippines or around the corner. Then the mail matter handled was too insignificant for statistics; now there are seventy-five thousand post offices in this country, handling postal matter of all kinds, per annum, of 6,576,310,000 pieces.

Rapid Communication.

As for "hurry messages" or "rush" letters, they were unknown. Prior to the experiments of Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, signaling was done by means of fires on mountain tops, or by waving flags. Morse revolutionized this in 1837 when he announced the success of his experiments. The first telegraph line in this country was opened in 1844. In 1899 there were 904,633 miles of wire in use in this country; 71,393,157 messages were sent that year. Now we are on the threshold of an era when even wires will be no longer necessary and when we will be able to talk or to telegraph to Boston or New Orleans, or perhaps even London without any visible connection between the receiving and sending instruments.

The year 1800 knew no telephone. A hundred years later sees 772,989 miles of telephone wire in use, connected with 465,180 stations and answering 1,231,000,000 calls a year. When the century was new, it took six weeks to get news from Europe. To-day it takes six seconds. To-day there are 170,950 miles of submarine cables—all laid since the first cable, Field's great achievement, was laid in 1857.

Electricity has come to the aid of steam in traffic. Edison must be credited with the construction of the first successful electric road, that which he operated in 1880 at his home at Menlo Park, N. J. Since then electric traction has developed to such an extent that now there are more than 1,000 such street car lines in operation in the United States, with a capitalization of $1,700,000,000. The same electric power, only dimly known before the wonderful century, now lights our cities. In the United States there are half a million arc lights and about 20,000,000 incandescent lights—the latter being equivalent in light-giving capacity to 320,000,000 candle tips such as they used in 1800.

While the railroads have served to diffuse the population from one end of the land to the other, another invention has served to centralize it—the elevator. Because of it the huge sky-scrapers, the immense flat houses and the great factories have been made feasible. Formerly, when Shanks, his mare, was the fashion, people had to climb stairs. This tended to low buildings and the consequent spread of population. The elevator has changed all that. Huge caravansaries teeming with human beings accommodate as many as formerly could be crowded into respectable towns. The elevator makes practicable the centralization of commercial interests which is the basis of our great cities.

The Age of Steel.

The science of applied mechanics has reached a stage where further improvements seem impossible, yet every day new inventions and improvements on old are recorded at the patent office. In other times they built houses of wood and brick; now they construct them of steel and iron, and so carefully are the plans developed that the architect can say how many bolts will be required in the construction of a sky-scraper, how much each beam can support, where each piece of iron belongs. Wooden bridges have been supplanted by huge steel structures. Even stone towers are being abandoned for the lighter steel. The age of steel is here.

Our vast factory systems, employing thousands of workers and furnishing necessaries and luxuries alike at prices that would have made the citizen of 1800 gasp with amazement, have grown out of the substitution of machinery for the hand; the sewing machine, the steam loom, the ring frame and hundreds of other inventions. We do not yet grow crops by machinery, but no sooner has the fruit of the earth reached maturity than it is in the grasp of steel and steam, to be turned to human needs almost without the touch of human hands.

Photography and Printing.

Photography is a product of the last hundred years. To have one's picture "took" in ye olden times required considerable money and more patience, for it took some time to paint the portrait. Daguerre's daguerreotype, the forerunner of the photograph, hewed the way for the developments in this line of the last ten years. Photography and color printing together have been among the mightiest educational influences the world has ever known. Appealing to the brain direct through the eye, they have taught more swiftly and more widely than is possible to any other agency. To science their aid has been inestimable.

No man can judge of the influence of the printing press, which did not reach any considerable development before 1800. In 1800 the principal daily papers were published in Boston and New York City. They were marvels of staid conservatism. They permitted no news younger than a week to creep into their columns. As for the paper on which they were printed, respect for age prevents a description. The type, hand-made and hand-set, leaned either all one way or in any direction most comfortable. It may have been superlative work for those days, but nowadays new type is cast while being set; paper comes in rolls from two to four miles long; presses run off 80,000 complete newspaper an hour. The press, which is the most powerful agent of progress, is in itself typical of the advance of the century.—Washington Star.

Ancient Records.

From Bombay comes the intelligence that records dating back to the first century of the Christian era have been discovered by Dr. Stein in the course of his explorations in Chinese Turkestan. The famous traveler and antiquarian came upon a store of some 300 documents, together with a quantity of clay seals and many inscribed wooden tablets bearing dates A. D. 36 to A. D. 72.

Many a man will row a long way up stream simply for the privilege of floating back.

POLITENESS AS A SCIENCE.

How Courtesy Is Taught the Chinese Youngsters in Their Native Land.

When a Chinaman takes his little boy to school to introduce him to his teacher, it is done as follows, according to one missionary writer in the Epworth Herald. When the Chinaman arrives at the school he is escorted to the reception room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks: "What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and pipe are sent for, and the teacher says: "Please use tea." The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher: "What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Pott."

"What is your honorable kingdom?"

"The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America." This comes hard but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"Is the honorable and great man of the household living?"

He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." These are the teacher's own children.

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business.

"Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge."

The little fellow who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping room and so forth. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave, saying: "I have tormented you exceedingly to-day." To which the teacher responds: "O, no; I have dishonored you." As he goes toward the door he keeps saying: "I am gone; I am gone." Etiquette requires the teacher to repeat as long as he is in hearing: "Go slowly; go slowly."

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Stumps can be burned out of the ground by a new machine, which has an adjustable burning glass to throw rays of sunlight on the stump at a focus, causing the stump to take fire even in a strong wind or if the wood is wet.

A Canadian woman has secured a patent on a keyboard for pianos and organs, having the scale printed on the face of the keys, together with the staff and sharps and flats, to show the note corresponding to each key on the instrument.

Vessels can be easily removed from sandbars by a new apparatus consisting of an endless chain of buckets to be attached to the sides of the vessel and driven by engines to excavate the sand from around the hull until the ship floats free.

A light which will enable the driver to see the roadway ahead of his team is a new device which seems to fill all the requirements for the purpose. The intention is to utilize an ordinary lantern, and provision is made to clamp it firmly in the spring base. The sides of the holder serve as a reflector to throw the light rays ahead, and a shield to prevent the lamp shining in the eyes of the driver, as in the latter case he would be blind to the road ahead of his team. The support is well braced by means of the rods projecting at the rear, and when the device is not in use it can be slipped from the wagon tongue and suspended from the dashboard or other convenient place.

The need of a convenient heater for warming the water for the bath is apparent in houses where the tub is not piped with hot water, and even where the connections are made it is sometimes convenient to use an auxiliary heater in case the water is not of the proper temperature. A Boston man has invented an apparatus for heating the bath water, and for it he claims economy in the amount of gas consumed and rapidity in bringing the water to the required temperature The heater is of very small size and can be suspended from the faucet. The interior construction comprises a flat-bottomed tank, into which the water flows, with a perforated pipe underneath to supply the flame by connection with the gas jet. Where a supply of gas is not at hand for this purpose the inventor provides a naphtha vapor heater, which accomplishes the same results. By igniting the gas a short time previous to taking the bath and regulating the flow of the water to allow it to remain a moment or two in the heater before it passes to the tub the temperature can be raised to the proper degree, the heater continuing its work just as long as the water and gas are allowed to flow.

Four Hundred Thousand Cats.

There are said to be 400,000 cats in London, of which half are "unattached," and live largely on refuse. In one district near a very large and famous brewery in London, the sporting cats go regularly as soon as the brewery gates are open to hunt rats in the brewery "stores."

We are frequently told that man in the early ages lived a life of simplicity and innocence—yet the first man born in the world killed the second.

Many a man who knows his own mind has a somewhat limited acquaintance.

Our Working Girls.

Life to the most favored is not always full of sunshine, but to the average American girl or woman who is obliged to work for her living, and, perhaps to help others at home, life is often a heavy drag in consequence of illness.

Women who work, especially those who are constantly on their feet, are peculiarly liable to the development of organic troubles, and should particularly heed the first manifestations, such as backache, pains in the lower limbs and lower part of the stomach, irregular and painful monthly periods,

MISS ELLA BRENNER, E. ROCHESTER, OHIO.

faintness, weakness, loss of appetite and sleep.

The young lady whose portrait we publish herewith had all these symptoms, and in addition leucorrhoea, and was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. First, she wrote a letter to Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory at Lynn, Mass., describing her trouble, received in reply accurate instructions what to do to get well, and now wishes her name used to convince others that they may be cured as she was.

The same helping hand, free of charge or obligation, is extended, to every ailing woman in America. If you are sick you are foolish not to get this valuable advice, it costs you nothing, and she is sure to help you. Don't wait until it is too late—write to-day.

Under the old blue laws of Con "any man who shall stand by two dogs fight and not try to them shall be deemed guilty of a of the peace and shall lie in length of seven days and nights."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PLANNING A SURPRISE.

Pathos and Pleasure In the Purchases of an Aged Couple.

"Let me tell you a story of human interest," said a real estate man to a reporter. "A few months ago a man and his wife, people to whom nothing has come without much labor, came to my office and made the first payment on the house which they had long been occupying as tenants. They were very happy to be able to buy their home, and the way they laughed about it and talked of the sacrifices they had made to accomplish it stopped the work of every clerk in the office and somehow made us feel as though the sun were shining through the windows, although the day was dark outside.

"In a few days, when we had about forgotten the transaction, we were surprised with a visit from the old wife. 'Do you know,' she said to me after glancing about to see that we were alone—'do you know, I've been thinking that I can save enough money from my allowance to buy that 50 foot lot adjoining ours on the south. It will make such a splendid playground for the children, and I can have it about paid for when our house is deeded to us clear. It will be so good for the children,' she continued quietly and then, after a pause, 'and it will surprise Henry too.' Well, we closed the deal for the lot on the south, and she went away happy. It was a beautiful scheme, we thought, and one in which, from business motives, we took much interest.

"But that isn't all. A few days ago the old man came in, his face wreathed with smiles. 'I've been figuring it all out,' he began confidentially. 'I've "held out" so much in the past that I'm going to keep it up. I want to buy the 30 feet on the north side of our house. I can have it paid for by the time my wife and I have a deed to the house. I want to get play room for the children. God bless them! They've been a lot of trouble, but they're worth it, and it will be such a surprise to Martha.'

"While he had been talking I didn't know whether to laugh or to wipe my eyes. The girl clerks, too, who knew the story well by this time and had been listening intently, now found that something on the street demanded their attention, and one was trying to rub some dust from her eyes. 'All right,' I said, 'you can have it.' Now, you may not believe it," the real estate man concluded solemnly, "but it's a fact, I knocked off my commission on that sale. Such occurrences are so rare in real life that they should be encouraged. I should like to be present when those two spring their surprises."—Washington Star.

Whenever you attempt a good work, you will find other men doing the same kind of work, and probably doing it better. Envy them not.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills

act gently and promptly on the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. They cure sick headaches, constipation, biliousness, stomach disorders, sallow complexion and are the only pills that will also purify and enrich the blood. Sold in 10ct. and 25ct. boxes by all druggists. Every box guaranteed.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

For Consumption try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam guaranteed for Croup.

The Best Prescription for Malaria

Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES – 35 CENTS

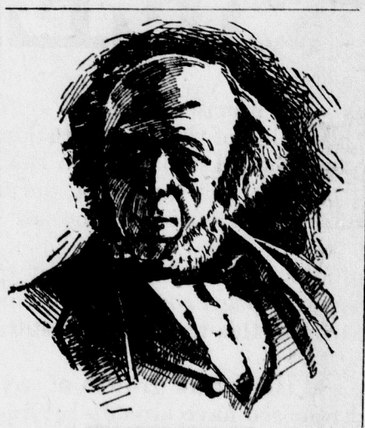
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

FAME AND POVERTY

Have Walked Hand-in-Hand Through Herbert Spencer's Career.

Herbert Spencer, whose name will live in the world of thought as that of one of the nineteenth century's greatest thinkers, has recently passed his 81st birthday. After a lifetime of self-sacrifice and privations, the great philosopher finds himself at the threshold of the grave almost as poor in worldly possessions as when he started the career that has brought him so much fame, but so little pecuniary recognition. There is something almost pathetic in the life-work of a man like Herbert Spencer. The son of a schoolmaster, Mr. Spencer was educated very largely at home by his father, though he also went to a school at Bath, the head-master of which was his uncle. From 1837 to 1846 he plied the profession of a civil engineer, and for five years later acted as sub-editor of the Economist before he turned to the work with which his name will always be identified.

It is as a popular philosopher that Herbert Spencer seems to hold his reputation, and yet one must read the account of his self-sacrifice and privation before one can realize the tremendous battle which the best known philosopher of this century fought before he found any readers at all. "Social Statics," certainly a rather unhandy book, took fourteen years to sell, although the edition ran only to 750 copies. The "Principles of Psychology," with a first edition of 750 copies, did not sell out for twelve years, and



HERBERT SPENCER.

at the end of fifteen years the author lost no less than $6,000 through his publications. The strongest man, however, is the man who can wait, and Herbert Spencer waited. The scientific method of studying human life began to find willing pupils, not only among scientists, but also among young students of philosophy at the universities and workingmen, who gave up their evenings to the study of technical or social sciences. Few books of philosophy have enjoyed so wide a popularity or sale as the "Data of Ethics," where flowing and persuasive argument delight and enchant the reader.

IS STILL IN PRISON.

Published Report of Mrs. Maybrick's Release Was Untrue.

Several American newspapers recently published the statement, emanating from London, that Mrs. Maybrick had been secretly released from Woking prison by order of King Edward, and that she had sailed for the United States. The report, like many others of its kind, proved untrue.

About ten years ago Mrs. Maybrick was tried in London and found guilty of having poisoned her husband. The evidence went to show that she purchased arsenic and gave it to her hus-

MRS. FLORENCE MAYBRICK.

band. It was also adduced at the trial that the dead man was an habitual user of arsenic, and on this ground the residents of the American colony in London and many leading Englishmen believed that the woman was innocent. Many efforts were made to induce the late Queen Victoria to pardon Mrs. Maybrick, but they were uniformly unsuccessful. At the time of King Edward's accession to the throne it was rumored that he would extend a pardon to the American woman.

Railroads Want Brainy Youths.

The history of railroading in this country is the history of self-made men, writes Chauncey M. Depew, in Success. In this, as in all other businesses, the "plums" are comparatively few, but they are, nevertheless, obtainable through the medium of faithful endeavor and persistent work. The New York Central Railroad Company is always on the lookout for bright, brainy young Americans to enter its employ. This is one profession that is never overcrowded. We can't get enough of the hustling sort to suit us.

Preliminary Timidity.

"Newby Nobbs says he's afraid to get married."

"Why?"

"He says that girls nowadays all look so smart."

Rheumatism

What is the use of telling the rheumatic that he feels as if his joints were being dislocated?

He knows that his sufferings are very much like the tortures of the rack.

What he wants to know is what will permanently cure his disease.

That, according to thousands of grateful testimonials, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It promptly neutralizes the acid in the blood on which the disease depends, completely eliminates it, and strengthens the system against its return. Try Hood's.

A BALD NEWSPAPER MAN.

Getting a New Crop of Hair and Has No More Dandruff.

Everybody in the Northwest knows Col. Daniel Searles, the veteran journalist and publicist of Butte. Jan. 10, 1900, the Colonel writes: "I used a couple of bottles of Newbro's Herpicide with marvelous results. The dandruff disappeared, a new crop of hair has taken root, and the bald spot is rapidly being covered." Herpicide is the only hair preparation that kills the dandruff germ that digs up the scalp in scales as it burrows its way to the root of the hair, where it destroys the vitality of the hair causing the hair to fall out. Kill the dandruff germ with Herpicide.

The famous old Gilt Edge Whiskey is recommended by physicians for family and medicinal use, because it is pure. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

E W Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam saves Doctor Bills.

Beware of Fraud!

Every success breeds imitators and counterfeiters. Look out for substitutes when you ask for Cascarets Candy Cathartic. All druggsits, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributers, San Francisco.

Advice to Students.

To Whom It May Concern: The best College to attend for the purpose of becoming practical Stenographers is, in our judgment, the Gallagher-Marsh, Parrott Building, S. F., Cal. Ernest A. Gurvin, L. A. Washburne, W. J. Nicholson, Official Reporters Supreme Court, State of Cal. Send for catalogue.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Drawing the Line.

A good story is told in Missouri at the expense of its once famous governor, Claiborne F. Jackson. Before he solved the enigma of lovelock he had married five sisters in reasonable lapses of consecutiveness. After one wife had been lost and appropriately mourned he espoused another, and he kept his courting within a narrow circle of his own relatives, for he rather liked the family.

The antiquated father of these girls was almost deaf, and when the governor went to this octogenarian to ask for his surviving daughter the following conversation ensued:

"I want Lizzie."

"Eh?"

"I want you to let me have Eliz-a-beth."

"Oh, you want Lizzie, do you? What for?"

"For my wife."

"For life."

"I want—to—marry—her."

"Oh, yes. Just so. I hear you, boy."

"I'm precious glad you do," muttered the governor.

"Well," slowly responded the veteran, "you needn't halloo so that the whole neighborhood knows it. Yes, you can have her. You've got 'em all now, my lad, but for goodness' sake, if anything happens to that 'ere poor misguided gal, don't come and ask me for the old woman!"

Jackson solemnly promised that he never would.

When the Dark Days Come.

The money spent in buying a golf outfit is not entirely wasted. The golf sticks are of the right size for stirring clothes in the wash boiler in the days to come, and the sack to carry them in will be just right for a clothespin bag or a slipper holder.—Atchison Globe.

Success Lies In Reticence.

Towne—Yes, Professor Krayneum is going in for politics. Why shouldn't he be successful? He speaks seven languages fluently, while the average politician today—

Browne—Succeeds because he is able to keep his mouth shut in one language.—Philadelphia Press.

Hoitt's School,

At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 323a

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

SURGERY WITH A MATCH.

A Painless Operation That Surprised a Bookstore Clerk.

An aged, well dressed man with white side whiskers and a general appearance of substantial prosperity and eminent respectability stepped into the retail store on Fifth avenue of a book publisher the other day and asked one of the young clerks in a confidential undertone:

"Have you a match?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the young man, producing a handful of lucifers from his vest pocket, "but you will permit me to say that it is against the rules to smoke in this shop."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the old gentleman amiably. "I never smoke." With that he began to fumble in his pockets. Not finding what he wanted, he asked the clerk for the loan of a knife. Then he lit the match, blew it out immediately and began to sharpen the burned end into a point.

"Ah, I see! You need a toothpick," remarked the clerk as he watched the whittling process.

The old gentleman made no reply, but when he had put a nice point to the match he again spoke.

"Perhaps," he said, "you have a quiet place where I could sit down for a few moments without being observed?"

The clerk, wondering what the old gentleman might ask for next, politely led the way to a corner of the store fitted with easy chairs for the benefit of such patrons of the firm as might want to glance over a book before buying it. The old gentleman sat down and without a moment's hesitation rolled up the left leg of his trousers to a point above the knee. Then, using the back of the knife as a hammer, with a few well directed blows he drove the match into his knee. Then, readjusting his trousers, he handed the knife back to the astonished young man and said:

"I am very much obliged to you. You see, I have a wooden leg, and one of the pins holding it together fell out. The match will do very nicely until I can get home. If you should happen to be over in —— and have anything the matter with your leg, just step into my office, and I shall be glad to assist you."

Then, as he handed the clerk his card, he smiled, bowed politely and walked out.—New York Times.

Advice to Travelers About Money.

On all steamers American money is accepted, but every passenger should have enough of the coin of the country to which the steamship line belongs to meet all bills outside of mere passage money, as these bills are made out in francs, marks or shillings, according to the official medium of the line. The convenience also of having some of the current coin of the country to be first visited is appreciated in the ability to board a train on landing without the delay of bank exchange. Experienced travelers reserve United States currency for a like reason.—Helen E. Gavit in Woman's Home Companion.

The Pan-American Exposition

Will be the greatest this country has ever seen. The entire machinery will be run by power furnished from Niagara Falls. Although the power required is enormous we believe this cataract is equal to the task, the same as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is equal to the task of supplying the body with motive power when it is run down. There is no medicine in the world so good for dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, flatulency and nervousness. Try it.

"Gruggs walks as if he owned the whole blamed town." "Yes; and he ain't even a Police Commissioner."

Got Grip? Try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

AWFUL AGONY

The Story of a Stricken Woman Whom Doctors Were Not Able to Help.

From the News, Connersville, Ind.

The story of Mrs. Nellie M. Hedden, of No. 621 Summit avenue, Connersville, Ind., contains an important lesson for many American women who suffer in silence rather than face the ordeal that the usual treatment of their troubles entail. It is a story that rings with honest gratitude and does not tell half the misery that the narrator endured. Other women who are suffering as Mrs. Hedden did will know how to understand and appreciate much that cannot be told in a newspaper article. Mrs. Hedden's experience is best given in her own words. She says:

"For nearly a year I endured terrible agony caused by a general breaking down of the nervous system, female weakness and suppression of the periods. I suffered greatly with bearing down pains and was very weak and short of breath. My circulation was very bad, causing numbness of limbs, dizziness and headache all the time. My heart would sometimes feel as if there was a heavy weight on it. I had never been healthy and strong, so you can readily see that I was in no condition to withstand such a combination of ailments.

"I grew worse very rapidly and all the doctors I tried failed to check my decline. A friend of my husband told him how much good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done his wife, so I commenced taking them and can now state that they are the only relief I ever had. The first box helped me so much that I was thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of the remedy. I continued the treatment for several weeks, using six boxes in all.

"In conclusion, I will say that if any one who is suffering the same as I was, will take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as directed they will be rewarded."

Signed, NELLIE M. HEDDEN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of November, 1900.

FINLY H. GRAY,
[Seal] Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold at all drugists or will be sent direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50 cents per box; six boxes, $2.50.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

That Cough needs Fryer's Abietene Cough Balsam.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Scrofula

Scrofula is an unwelcome legacy, but one which the children of blood poisoned parentage must accept, with all its humiliating consequences. It is an inheritance that makes one poorer; that brings wretchedness and disease instead of health and riches, for the child whose ancestral blood is tainted with Scrofula or the loathsome virus of Contagious Blood Poison is unfitted for the arduous duties of life so long as any of the transmitted poison remains in its veins. Scrofula manifests itself in various forms; swollen glands about the neck and throat, catarrh of the head, weak eyes, hip bone disease, white swelling and offensive sores and abscesses are familiar symptoms, attended usually with loss of strength, poor digestion and pale or bloodless complexion. The skin is sometimes most dreadfully affected, eruptions breaking out on all parts of the body. Scrofula destroys bone, tissue and flesh; no part of the human system escapes its withering, benumbing touch. Parents whose blood is poisoned by their own misdeeds, or who themselves may be suffering for the sins of some remote ancestor, must restore their own blood to its normal purity and strength, or they cannot expect healthy, robust children. S. S. S. cures Scrofula, like other diseases of a deep-seated, constitutional character, by restoring life and purity to the profoundly poisoned blood, and the rich, strong blood that is carried to the swollen and diseased glands absorbs and destroys the tuberculous deposits, and the painful, disfiguring sores and other evidences of Scrofula disappear.

When nineteen years old, and about one year after the birth of my first child, the glands on the left side of my neck began to swell. Four of the places were lanced and became open running sores; risings came under my left arm, and the discharge was simply awful. The doctors said I had the worst case of Scrofula they had ever seen. I took iodide of potassium, but this nor the other drugs given for this disease brought relief. When the physicians advised me to have the glands removed, I decided to try S. S. S. A few bottles cured me completely; no signs of the terrible disease are left.

MRS. RICHARD WASSON,
Golden Corners, Ohio.

S. S. S. should be begun immediately upon the appearance of the first symptoms, or where there is a known predisposition to Scrofula. Our medical department will be found of great help to those who are struggling with this wasting disease of heredity or any other blood trouble, and we invite you to write us. Should you or any member of your family need advice, our physicians will cheerfully give the information you desire, for which we make no charge. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

Advantage of Being a Cook.

Between 800 and 900 of the poor law school children of London have been asked to write essays on the theme, "What I Should Like to Be In Life and Why." Their chief characteristic is their altruism. They all want, or profess to want, to help somebody. Even the girl who "would like to be" a duchess is solely influenced by the desire "to be able to share in the government of the country and to help those who need helping." There is much force in the reason given by another girl in favor of being a cook—that "if you have a husband and he is in a bad temper a well cooked dinner may put him in a good humor."—London Post.

The Cost to Love.

A ticket agent in Leavenworth was startled the other day when a pretty young woman inquired through the window, "How much is it to Love?" When he recovered, he replied, "To Love one way, $3.45; to Love both ways, $6." Love is a flag station in Missouri.

Preparatory.

Ethel—Mamma, don't you think women should know how to cook so that they may be able to look after their husband's digestion when they marry?

Mamma—Certainly, dear.

Ethel—Mayn't I go to the kitchen, then, and practice making butterscotch?—Brooklyn Life.

An Earthquake Alarm.

The Japanese are said to have discovered that a few seconds previous to an earthquake the magnet temporarily loses its power, and they have ingeniously constructed a light frame supporting a horseshoe magnet, beneath which is a cup of bell metal. The armature is attached to a weight, so that upon the magnet becoming paralyzed the weight drops and, striking the cup, gives the alarm. Every one in the house then seeks the open air for safety.

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TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

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202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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